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Fashions in Ideas

BY IRWIN EDMAN

Disraeli

"For a month or a season, an idea or a theory spreads like a rumor or a scandal over the intelligentsia of New York" . . .

THE philosopher Alfred North Whitehead has, I believe, made current the phrase "climate of opinion" to describe the intellectual atmosphere in which people in a given period live. As I look back on what I hope is not more than half a lifetime spent mostly in New York, I become conscious of how much ideas are transmitted by a kind of osmosis, like those tricks of manner and even of voice that two people, long married, are said to catch from each other. Once long ago I had lunch with the editor of a New York monthly magazine, then distinguished, or just ceasing to be so, and now no longer independently existing. The editor was a bright, youngish man, too busy lecturing all around the country (and in the intervals editing his magazine and writing monthly homiletics for it) to read or to think. He made it a practice, he told me, to get his education at lunch. His teachers consisted of the people he talked to over the luncheon table in any given week, and, judging by the list he recited, he was shrewd in his choice of luncheon tutors. Nor was he a fool about picking up the essence of things whose details or whose foundations he would never have had the time, the industry, or the inclination to study, or to understand. Over the coffee once I recall giving him by request a *précis,* altogether sketchy, of Dewey's philosophy of education. He made quite a good article out of it, and showed the weak points of progressive education and experimental philosophy quite as well as if he had taken the trouble to understand its strong ones.

I was a little contemptuous of the method, and I am so still. But we all get our education partly at lunch or dinner. Certainly in New York the "climate of opinion" is compounded of the things that are said in the book reviews, and at the dinner tables and in the after-dinner conversation of those who live in the marketplace or among the suburbs of ideas. For the fact is that ideas among the talking literate have become a sublimated gossip. For a month or for a season, an idea or a theory spreads like a rumor or a scandal over the intelligentsia of New York. Soon it races, like a pulse or a song, over the whole country. One year it is the theory of the leisure class, another year technocracy; a season passes and it is abstractionism in painting, logical positivism in philosophy, Anglo-Catholicism (or Anglo-Communism) in religion, the folklore of capitalism, or relativity in physics. Ideas painfully thought out in the study or worked out in the laboratory, or sometimes tossed off the top of some facile mind with a quick insight and a gift for phrase, become thinned down into the chit-chat of the salons. Einstein works years over his mathematical formulas, and on a sudden relativity becomes the gossip of the clubs, the studies, and the dinner tables. A sociological study might be made of the time lag between ideas and their popular or their snob appeal. Along with my contemporaries I have lived through many fashions of ideas: Dewey, Bergson, Freud, Marx, Einstein, T. S. Eliot, Liberalism, Progressive Education, Fascism, Communism, Neo-Thomism, Progress, Disillusion, Reform, Revolution.

When one is very young, the first fashion in ideas that one meets does not seem in the least to be simply a fashion. It seems most likely the sudden revelation of an eternal truth. For after all, how should one know, meeting one's first vogue for the first time, that it is a vogue? It is natural enough to mistake an epidemic for a norm; born during a whirlwind, one might think it the ordinary weather of the world.

In the years just before America entered the World War, Liberalism (which I am told is, but do not believe to be, dead) was the current fashion. How was a young man at college to know that Liberalism had some of the marks of a dying cause? It was in its origins the expression of a hopeful and expanding democratic and capitalistic world; it had its roots in a nineteenth-century England that itself was rapidly being transformed. The language and the hopes of the laboratory (as Joseph Wood Krutch pointed out in "The Modern Temper") were being carried over to revive the hopes and certainly to stud the conversation of mankind, at least of the intellectuals in New York. Of course a good deal of mankind elsewhere was being slaughtered in large quantities by the discoveries of the laboratory. But that was, we believed, only a temporary setback, and we hoped optimistically that coöperative aspiration, engineered by intelligence, would give us a brave new world—a phrase which would not at the time, I think, have been used ironically. Walter Lippmann, after assisting Santayana at Harvard and being secretary to the Socialist Mayor of Schenec-

Next Week

AMERICA NOW
Edited by HAROLD STEARNS
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

TURBULENT YEARS
By ISAAC MARCOSSON
Reviewed by Eugene Lyons

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tady, had written a gallant summons in "Preface to Politics." He and all of us learned a lot from his teacher, Graham Wallas, who showed the workings of "Human Nature in Politics" and wrote another book on "The Art of Thought." "Social psychology" had just about been discovered, and "behaviorism," too. H. G. Wells was pampering our hopes with "The Research Magnificent," the image of a "House of Solomon" that was to remake mankind. *The New Republic* was founded, and in good prose on clear paper made weekly blueprints of a rational future. After a hundred weeks, as somebody remarked, it seemed a hundred years old. John Dewey had invented, and many mouthed as a slogan, "intelligent control"; James Harvey Robinson was pleading for the adult mind in place of the savage and child mind in the direction of human affairs; we must not have a sixteenth-century tradesman's mentality to control the twentieth-century motorcar that was modern civilization. Though it dated from an earlier time, Swinburne's line from his "Hymn to Man" might well have been the signature of the talk of the minds of the town: "Glory to man in the highest, for man is the master of things."

Even the pulpit was infected by the latter-day salvationism. Theology itself became a gospel of social reform. There was endless talk of Liberalism and the churches, and the Liberalism alluded to was touched with scientific hopes.

No one knows how long that fashion would have lasted had not the war intervened (though there is no great reason for believing that as a fashion it would have lasted more than any other). When ideas are used primarily as subjects of conversation, the subjects grow wearisome and new ones must be found. It was a shock to me to discover that this first climate of opinion I had ever known was temporary, almost as much a shock as the first time a young contemporary of my schooldays had died. One would not have thought that either would or could vanish. And like the memory of those whom one has known well and who have died young, those early imbibed ideas remain as controlling images. It is hard for me; it is hard, I suspect, for anyone who grew up during the fashion of pre-war scientific hopes and liberal enthusiasms to believe that that vocabulary is quite outmoded or that the hopes which it expressed are dead. There are certainly good reasons for questioning that language, the naive transference of the words of the physical laboratory to the passions and conflicts of men. There are reasons, patent in every news dispatch from China, Spain, or Central Europe, for doubting whether those pre-war hopes, rosy and seductively clear, were ever well founded. But whether or not there is any longer any ground for the hope of making through intelligence and goodwill a brand-new, brave new world, the chatter in the salons is certainly different now. One reads a different language in the intellectual weeklies, and even in some of the authors—those of them who are still alive and active—among whom one was brought up. Some of these latter, like H. G. Wells, indeed still use the same language. It seems a pallid echo; nobody listens to it and nobody babbles it after dinner any more.

The first change I observed was right after the war, the period of disillusion. That has been discussed time and again, and its most reasoned and complete statement came in Joseph Wood Krutch's "The Modern Temper." But the history of that book itself reflects the difference between *ideas* and the climate of ideas. The title, "The Modern Temper," is, I suppose, familiar to thousands. For a season, as was said later of technocracy, one would have had to walk into a sound-proof room not to hear the name mentioned. Yet the book had a relatively small actual circulation and not many of those who swore by it as their negative creed of disillusion (though its theme was really rational skepticism) had the industry to read as well as talk about it. They read the reviews, or heard quotations from the reviews. A whole spate of writers, Aldous Huxley notably, in his pre-Buddhist days, fed the cult of spiritual weariness or contempt or revulsion.

For one of the ways in which ideas become fashionable is not through reasoned analysis, but through their being broached in novels and plays. Ideas, just beginning to fade in the seminars, appear, watered down, in the novels in the circulating libraries. Or they appear behind the footlights to people in evening dress who come as late to ideas as they come to the theater, as late, often, as the dramatists themselves. The ideas that found their tardy way into novels and plays constituted what Frederick Lewis Allen has called "The Credo of the Highbrows."

Religion and romantic love were both illusions; American life was dull and standardized; the liberal hopes had been rendered fantastic and foolish by the chaos of the post-war world; life could at best offer ironic gaiety and beauty, itself not to be taken too seriously. There was, it will be remembered, much talk about flaming youth, but nobody talked much about a hard, gem-like flame. One heard rather, from Edna St. Vincent Millay, about burning candles at both ends. The light was admitted to be lovely, but it would not last the night.

Meanwhile one had been hearing increasingly about Freud. Again it took me (it took many, I am sure) some little time to distinguish between the ideas themselves and their fashionable currency. It is hard to say how much good

(*Continued on page 22*)

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Adventure and Poetry

LISTEN! THE WIND. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

I DO not know how better to describe this book than to say that it has an exquisite bouquet. Its qualities are intangible but very real, and even more than "North to the Orient" prove Mrs. Lindbergh a writer whose work sheds distinction on rather than wins importance from her experience. One feels, in reading it, in contact with a withdrawn and self-contained soul, which dwells much in fancy, distilling from life a radiance and poignance both at times well nigh unbearable, and rendering up in turn a deep and tender sympathy. There is a beauty of sentiment and quickness of insight in the book that invest the smallest incident with importance and the least likely personality with dignity. Its writing has that higher grace which is not mere felicity of expression but is the fragrance of a contemplative mind and a sensitive spirit.

Cordas

Anne Morrow Lindbergh

"Listen! the Wind" is the record of a flight made by Charles A. Lindbergh and his wife from Africa to Brazil in 1933, one of the closing laps in their survey of the North Atlantic airways. It is a circumstantial account of ten days of waiting and vain effort to take off, and of a moonlight flight across the ocean; and at the same time it is a chronicle of spiritual adventure. For to Mrs. Lindbergh's percipient nature everything that intervened between their landing at Santiago, on one of the Cape Verde Islands, and their final arrival in Natal, Brazil, was fraught with emotional import. What she felt keenly she transcribes vividly, and her pages contain a succession of brilliantly etched scenes, given depth and poetry by her reflections upon them. Santiago, and the plane rocking violently across the bay, "headed across the waves, first one wing down and then the other, almost touching the crests on either side." The plane anchored, and a rowboat approaching, with its Negro boys vacuously staring while the staggering Frenchman in the prow apologizes for his appearance by stating that he has risen from his bed still suffering from a high fever. Shore and domicile in the home of the chief of the French air company, and a novel in a nutshell in the picture of the dogged despair of this man and the uncomplaining devotion of his wife. The wind, the wind, the wind blowing ceaselessly. Bathurst and English colonial society at its most amiable. And again the wind, but this time instead of blowing, failing even so much as to rise to a puff. Days of waiting, unsuccessful efforts at a take-off, and at last success, and a moonlit journey across the night sky above the sea, with radio signals coming in from distant Chatham, Massachusetts. Natal, and the plane "settling down gently, like a gull coming to rest." And a last glimpse of Natal with a hot sun blazing down, and the wind blowing again, now when it was needed no more. It is amazing how Mrs. Lindbergh can make the most trifling incident luminous, how dramatic under her handling the attempt of a heavily laden plane to rise can become, how intensely pathetic two figures fading into the distance can seem. Even technical detail has a lively interest.

Mrs. Lindbergh's style fits perfectly the color of her thought —supple, charming, poetic like it. I have space for but one quotation, though almost every page will yield another as good, this one descriptive of the wind:

> We were suspended, I felt, swinging gently in a hammock in the wind. For, lying there quietly in the dark, we were acutely conscious of the wind; a many-stranded stream of sound, a river that had its deep current and small eddies. Sometimes I was conscious only of the near sounds, the small surface eddies, the tapping, the whistlings around the plane. And sometimes I heard nothing but that distant roaring, leagues up, in the sky.
>
> Now, to me half-asleep, it was not a river, but a wave, sucking strength from the ebbing waters, drawing in small stones and sand, rising menacing and dark before me. And I, a small child caught in front of it, too near to run back over the slipping sand, too far away to dive boldly under the green curl—I stood, watching it tower, watching it gather strength each second, ready to break in pouting turbulence upon me. A wave that climbed and climbed and trembled in its height—and never broke.

Colonel Lindbergh has supplied an Introduction for his wife's book which characterizes it as "about a period in aviation which is now gone." In the future, he says, "Only the vibration from the engines will impress the sense of the traveler with his movement through the air. Wind and heat and moonlight take-offs will be of no concern to the transatlantic passenger. His only contact with these elements will lie in accounts such as this book contains."

Surely there will be few to rival this in charm and interest. It is even better than "North to the Orient."

Two Great Battles

FIRST THE BLADE. By May Merrill Miller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES D. HART

THIS long novel is the story of two great battles, the Civil War and the California pioneers' fight to win security and civilization from the frontier, but more than that it is the story of the conflict within a woman. The book moves slowly and carefully through the struggle of the border state of Missouri in the Civil War before it comes to the main 450 pages devoted to early California life, yet the two sections are tied together by the story of Amelie McNeil. Carefully, sometimes almost ponderously, Mrs. Miller builds up the life of Amelie, the precociously mature girl whose idyllic life is split wide apart when the Civil War ranges neighbor against neighbor in a cruel and bitter struggle. After her brother is killed, her friends driven asunder, and her fiancé separated from her in the maelstrom of post-war years, Amelie's youth is uprooted and she can find no consolation save in leaving home for the alien country of California.

The remove makes the searing past casual to her, for there she encounters new struggles. After her marriage to Edwin Blansford she is reborn as a pioneer woman. Uncomplainingly she works with her husband, suffering all the privations of frontier life, always through her terrible loneliness striving for his desires. When the region is at last conquered for the settlers, and Amelie is worn out in the process of helping the husband who had tied her to the land, she finds that the solution of the external problem has but created a more immediate internal one. Edwin finds a younger woman to give him the joyful ease for which Amelie had no time before he eventually returns to the wife who had been his companion in struggling to create an Eden from their treeless, dusty surroundings.

Mrs. Miller makes Amelie live by the sheer weight of accumulating material about her heroine. The book is longer than it need be, and at times overweighted by research and documentation, yet the central character does emerge fully rounded and the cumulative effect is successful, which is a great deal more than can usually be said of a first novel, such as this evidently is.

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He Has Ground a New Edge

THE FIFTH COLUMN AND THE FIRST FORTY-NINE. By Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THE news is that Hemingway is back again, and you can write off "To Have and Have Not" along with "The Prodigal Parents," "A Double-Barreled Detective Story," and other errors by men with a high fielding average. "The Fifth Column" is a play which was not produced because the first man who was going to produce it died and the next couldn't raise the money. (Let us hope the jinx wore out before it reached Mr. Maxwell Perkins at Scribner's.) But Hemingway had it published because he thought it might read well, and he is right. Also, his preface would serve as a pretty good review, except that he only says "if it is good." Well, it is good; no need to worry about that.

The fifth column, as people who follow the Spanish war news probably know, was the organization of rebel sympathizers in Madrid who were going to help Franco's four attacking columns take the town; and the play is about the counter-espionage organization that fights them. Among the group of Americans living in the Hotel Florida is Philip Rawlings, who posed as a barfly but actually was somebody of consequence in that organization. Next door to him was Dorothy Bridges ("her name," says Hemingway, "might also have been Nostalgia") who had come over to write magazine articles and was about fed up with Robert Preston—"one of those men who just use their wife-and-children as an opening wedge to get into bed with some one and then immediately afterwards they club you with them." By the time Philip had slept with her once or twice he began to think how good it would be to go some place where there was enough to eat and plenty of hot water and no war, and marry Dorothy and see what the kids would look like. But, says Hemingway, "the moral is that people who work for certain organizations have very little time for home life."

Hemingway in Spain: "While he was writing the play, more than thirty high-explosive shells hit the Hotel Florida"...

Enough about the plot; the point is that these people are all alive—Philip and Dorothy, and Antonio the hard-boiled Colonel in command of counter-espionage, and Max the German revolutionary whose face had been spoiled by the Nazis. Max and Antonio didn't like people who weakened; but Max at least could understand it. These people (except Dorothy) are all doing something; whether you agree with what they are doing a hundred per cent, or only fifty-one per cent, or no per cent, they are worth reading about. So far as a layman can see, the story ought to play well too.

Just for good measure are included Hemingway's forty-nine published short stories. There is not much to say about them, except that nobody else now living could show forty-nine stories that good. Hemingway says that while he was writing the play, more than thirty high-explosive shells hit the Hotel Florida, and that if the play is good, perhaps those shells helped write it. Maybe and maybe not; of his last four stories two were written in Africa where things were peaceful, two in Spain; the two from Spain are only so-so, the two from Africa, "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"—are right up among the best. Every middle-aged author has played with the idea of the man who dies before he got around to doing the things he always meant to do, but I cannot recall anybody else who has done it so well as it is done in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro."

"In going where you have to go," says Hemingway, "and doing what you have to do, and seeing what you have to see, you dull and blunt the instrument you write with. But I would rather have it bent and dulled and know I had to put it on the grindstone again and hammer it into shape and put a whetstone to it, and know that I had something to write about, than to have it bright and shining and nothing to say, or smooth and well-oiled in the closet, but unused." Well, he has got an edge on the instrument again—a real edge, not tinfoil; and maybe he doesn't have to go to Spain to get something to write about. He could probably write a good novel about his home town, if he sat down and really tried.

This review seems to have been written mostly by the author of the book, but that won't hurt it.

Felicia Felix-Mentor, the Zombie photographed by Zora Neale Hurston

Witchcraft in the Caribbean Islands

TELL MY HORSE. By Zora Neale Hurston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD COURLANDER

MISS ZORA NEALE HURSTON has gone afield from the scenes of her previous work ("Mules and Men" and "Their Eyes Were Watching God") and turned to the inexhaustible mines of Voodoo and witchcraft in Haiti and Jamaica. "Tell My Horse" is a curious mixture of remembrances, travelogue, sensationalism, and anthropology. The remembrances are vivid, the travelogue tedious, the sensationalism reminiscent of Seabrook, and the anthropology a melange of misinterpretation and exceedingly good folk-lore.

Jamaica seems to be by way of introduction. Turning at the earliest opportunity to Haiti, Miss Hurston recounts once more, in her own terms, the story of the bloody assassination of President Sam and the entry of the U. S. Naval forces into the private life of Haitian politics; she tells this rather well, having a fine gift for tales. Then she remarks upon the good fortune of the Haitian population in having been, at last, freed from the terror of banditry and tropical politics. Yet this must be more a feeling with her than an idea; she could not have read the late Dr. James Weldon Johnson's articles which appeared in the *Nation* during the summer of 1920. The hardships inflicted by the occupation upon all but the merchants of Haiti have not been forgotten to this day.

Her protest comes in another connection, against the position of women in the Caribbean. That position, she says in effect, is the double standard carried to its

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furthest possible excess. She discusses the "Black Joan of Arc," Celestina Simon, daughter of President Simon. It is not quite clear why the girl merits the title, but there are stirring tales about her, how she, her father, and her father's pet goat held secret Voodoo rituals in the palace, under the noses of frightened and disapproving guests.

Mostly she writes of Voodoo as she saw it in Haiti, and of witchcraft. The Voodoo resolves out of her anthropological training. But it is in her blood, and would be inevitable under any circumstances. As one observer said, "She'd find Voodoo in anybody's kitchen." But Haiti is full of the real thing. Seabrook exposed it in sensational, wishful terms. Dr. Herskovits exposed it in its coldest mathematical terms. Miss Hurston tries both. To an extent she is successful, for Voodoo in Haiti is both warmer, possessed of more poetry, than Dr. Herskovits realized, and less wild and orgiastic than Seabrook intimated. "Tell My Horse" is full of fine things. Miss Hurston has an immense ability for catching the idiom of dialogue, of seeing the funniness of exaggeration, of recognizing the essence of a story. And yet, though these qualities do carry through at all times, there is a constant conflict between anthropological truth and tale-telling, between the obligation she feels to give the facts honestly and the attraction of (as one of her characters says in "Mules and Men") the "big old lies we tell when we're jus' sittin' around here on the store porch doin' nothin'."

In dealing with Voodoo rites Miss Hurston is painstaking. There is a good deal of useful material crammed into her eye-witness accounts. But she seems to be at her best with witchcraft. It fires her imagination, gives impetus to the urge to create a story or a scene. The chapter on Zombies is good. She has gone into the subject extensively, and, in addition to collecting all the Zombie tales going the rounds in Port-au-Prince, has even seen one and photographed her. "But I saw this case of Felicia Felix-Mentor which was vouched for by the highest authority. So I know there are Zombies in Haiti." The reasoning sounds just a little like that of the lumberjack's explanation that Paul Bunyan's plow made the Grand Canyon: "If you don't believe it, go and look for yourself."

The photographs are exceptionally good. It is unfortunate that it is so generally known that many of the "rituals" portrayed in them were enacted in Port-au-Prince and accessible to the average run of tourists. This does not disqualify them as probably the best available pictorial record of Voodoo, but the pictures Miss Hurston took herself are more honest. It is also a matter of regret that the abundance of Creole was not properly edited before publication. A glossary would have been valuable.

That Miss Hurston loves Haiti is obvious, but there is a general feeling that the material was not completely digested.

Rhodes of the Real West

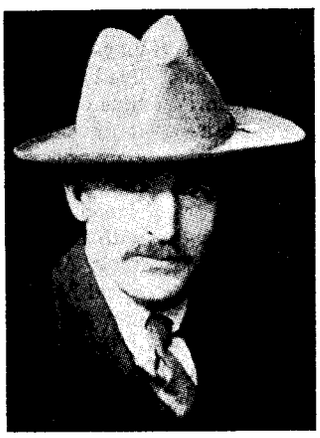
THE HIRED MAN ON HORSEBACK: My Story of Eugene Manlove Rhodes. By May D. Rhodes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

IN his introduction to this memoir of Gene Rhodes by his widow, Bernard DeVoto makes two significant points; that Rhodes's books "are the only embodiment on the level of art of one segment of American experience," and that a great many people have read and remembered what Rhodes wrote.

It is possible, I should think, to argue the first; after all "only" is a large word. But as to the second, the record speaks for itself. His ten books and something like a hundred short stories and poems are spoken of with peculiar affection by those who know them—which, since most of Rhodes's work appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post,* means a great many people. It is because so many recall Rhodes and his writing with such warmth that this sketch of the man, incomplete though it is, was worth publishing.

That Mrs. Rhodes has not written a formal biography, much less a definitive one, she is the first to admit. She calls it merely "her" story of Rhodes, and this defines it precisely. It is her account of a stranger to whom she impulsively dashed off a note because she liked a poem he had published, who wrote her a "big fat letter" in reply and signed it "With Love"; a man who continued the correspondence for more than two years, who brought it to a climax by arriving in the upstate New York town of Apalachin, all the way from New Mexico, to claim his "girl"; a man who met her with a joke about his new shoddy suit bought in New York ("I was a stranger and they took me in!"), who explained his torn ear and bruised face by saying casually that he had been in a fight, presented her with a copy of Kipling's "Seven Seas" and a pearl-handled six-shooter, married her out of hand, and took her off to the haphazard life of a New Mexico ranch. It is the story, too, of Rhodes's struggle to learn to write, of the quarter-century he spent back again in New York state, of his early successes as a story-teller, his maturity as a novelist. And it is the story, as a wife lived it, of the little family's return to New Mexico, their difficulties when Rhodes, ill with asthma, had to move to California and fight a losing battle against poor health and little money, until his death in 1934.



Eugene Manlove Rhodes: "he was a generous, lovable, crotchety, fearless, intensely individual human being" . . .

There are many chinks in the narrative, gaps which May Rhodes did not fill. Why, for instance, did Gene Rhodes remain twenty years away from the one place on earth he loved best? Mrs. Rhodes suggests that perhaps it had something to do with a calf—a calf not his. The "official" pardon issued Rhodes by Governor Dillon of New Mexico when there was still hope that he might write his autobiography reads: "In case you are bashful on account, perhaps, of having got mixed up with cattle rustlers, and on certain occasions helped yourself to a nice fat lamb or young heifer on the range—well, in that event, I hereby freely absolve and pardon you." The facts? May Rhodes writes that in his youth Gene "was considered wild." She does not choose to say more.

Of Rhodes's youth his widow tells enough to show what manner of boy he was. A cowhand in his teens, sitting a cheap saddle bought with soap coupons, he was known for his habit of reading books. There is a legend that once when a bronco tried falling over backward on him, Gene kicked his feet loose, lit standing, and then sat on the bronc's head for a while reading from the poetical works of a certain Mr. Robert Browning. At any rate, says Mrs. Rhodes, Gene didn't care for jokes about his reading. He had spent two years at a small California college; why shouldn't he know his ABC's?

At any rate, it was schooling enough to let him write, and write well. Rhodes had an ear for language; he had a passion for the right word; he had the selective eye and the kind of memory that photographs a scene and keeps it in some psychic card-index, ready to use when needed. Given these talents it is not so surprising that, as DeVoto notes, he made the days of the cattle kingdom come alive in terms of art.

The important thing about May Rhodes's book is that she does succeed in getting over to the reader—often without intending it—the real flavor of the complicated personality that was Gene Rhodes. He was a kind man, a cantankerous man, a generous, lovable, crotchety, fearless, intensely individual human being. And because Mrs. Rhodes makes this plain in her warm and loving tribute to her husband, until a full-length biography is written her book deserves the old West's own phrase of approval. "It'll do to take along."

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E. B. W.

BY JAMES THURBER

Barron Callen

E. B. White: "He is the only writer of prominence I know of who could walk through the Algonquin lobby . . . and be recognized only by his friends" . . .

THREE—no, six years ago (how the time flies!) a gentleman came to the offices of *The New Yorker* and asked for E. B. White. He was shown into the reception room and Mr. White was told that someone was waiting for him there. White's customary practice in those days, if he couldn't place a caller's name, was to slip moodily out of the building by way of the fire escape and hide in the coolness of Schrafft's until the visitor went away. He is not afraid of process servers, blackmailers, borrowers, or cranks; he is afraid of the smiling stranger who tramples the inviolable flowers of your privacy bearing a letter of introduction from an old Phi Gam brother now in the real estate game in Duluth. White knows that the Man in the Reception Room may not be so easy to get rid of as a process server—or even a blackmailer: he may grab great handfuls of your fairest hours, he may even appropriate a sizeable chunk of your life, for no better reason than that he was anchor man on your brother's high school relay team, or married the sister of your old girl, or met an aunt of yours on a West Indies cruise. Most of us, out of a politeness made up of faint curiosity and profound resignation, go out to meet the smiling stranger with a gesture of surrender and a fixed grin, but White has always taken to the fire escape. He has avoided the Man in the Reception Room as he has avoided the interviewer, the photographer, the microphone, the rostrum, the literary tea, and the Stork Club. His life is his own. He is the only writer of prominence I know of who could walk through the Algonquin lobby or between the tables at Jack and Charlie's and be recognized only by his friends.

But to get back to the particular caller of six years ago whom we left waiting in the reception room. On that occasion, out of some obscure compulsion, White decided to go out and confront the man and see what he wanted. "I'm White," he told the stranger he found sitting alone in the room. The man rose, stared for a long moment at the audacious fellow in front of him, and then said, with grim certainty, "You are not E. B. White." White admits that his hair leaped up but it is my fond contention that his heart did, too. I like to think that he was a little disappointed when he realized, as he was bound to, that the man was wrong. I like to insist that he resumed his burden of identity with a small sigh. (Where the remarkable interview got to from the tense point to which I have brought it here I shall leave it to my memoirs to tell.)

In the early days of *The New Yorker* the object of this searching examination signed his first few stories and poems with his full name: Elwyn (as God is my judge) Brooks White. I cannot imagine what spark of abandon, what youthful spirit of devil-may-care prompted a poet who loves to live half-hidden from the eye to come out thus boldly into the open. He didn't keep it up long; he couldn't stand the fierce glare of polysyllabic self-acknowledgment. For the past twelve years he has signed his casuals and his verses merely with his initials, E. B. W. To his friends he is Andy. It was a lucky break that saved him from Elly or Wynnie or whatever else one might make out of Elwyn in the diminutive. He went to Cornell and it seems that every White who goes there is nicknamed Andy for the simple if rather faraway reason that the first president of the University was named Andrew White.

It used to be (indeed I believe it still is) a wonder and a worry to White's boss, Mr. Harold Ross, the mystic and wonderful editor of *The New Yorker*, that his favorite and most invaluable assistant avoided people, lived along the untrodden ways, hid by mossy stones, and behaved generally in what Ross was pleased to call an anti-social manner. For a restlessly gregarious man who consorts with ten thousand people from Groucho Marx to Lord Dalhousie it is difficult to comprehend the spirit of Walden Pond. As long ago as the late nineteen twenties there were hundreds of people who implored Ross to introduce them to the man who wrote, on the already famous first page of *The New Yorker*, those silver and crystal sentences which have a ring like the ring of nobody else's sentences in the world. White declined to be taken to literary parties, or to any other kind of parties, but one day Ross lured him to the house of a certain literary lady who, White was persuaded to believe, would be found alone. When the door of her house was opened to them, Ross pushed White into a hallway loud with the chatter of voices proceeding from a crowded living room, the unmistakably assertive voices of writers and artists. Ross made the serious mistake of entering the living room first. When he looked around for White, that shy young man had quietly disappeared. He had proceeded deviously through the house, to the disciplined dismay of the servants, out the back door, and over trees and fences, or whatever else may have been in his way, to the freedom he so greatly cherishes, leaving the curtsy, the compliment, and the booksy chat to writers who go in for that sort of thing.

"Isn't there," Ross demanded of him one time, "*any*body you would like to meet?" White gave this difficult question his grave consideration and said, at what Alexander Woollcott would call long last, "Yes. Willie Stevens and Helen Hayes." It is a proof of the reckless zeal and the devoted energy of Harold Ross that he instantly set about trying to get hold of Willie Stevens for the purpose of inviting him to a dinner in New York at which White and Miss Hayes were to be the only other guests. I am desolated to report that this little coming together could not be accomplished: Willie apparently knew too many people the way it was and declined the invitation with that gentle old world courtesy of which he was so consummate a master. Ross did manage finally to bring

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White face to face with Helen Hayes. Our hero, I am informed, was discontented and tongue-tied during their brief, jumpy conversation and was glad when it was all over. I suppose Miss Hayes was, too.

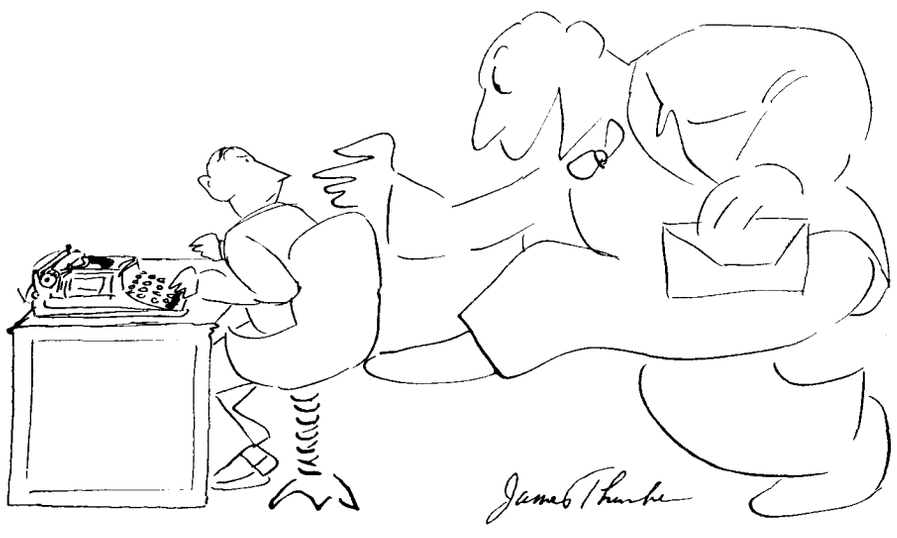
E. B. W. was born in Mount Vernon, N. Y., and will be forty next year. He had an ordinary, normal childhood, monkeying with an old Oliver typewriter, shooting with an air gun at the weather-vane on his father's barn. At Cornell he charmed and astonished his English professors with a prose style so far above Cayuga's ordinary run of literary talent as to be considered something of a miracle. The *Cornell Sun* under White's editorship must have been the best written college newspaper in the country. After Cornell he drove a model T Ford across the country with a friend named Howard Cushman. When they ran out of money, they played for their supper—and their gasoline—on a fascinating musical instrument that White had made out of some pieces of wire and an old shoe or something. In Seattle the young explorer got a job as reporter on the *Times,* the kind of newspaper that did not allow you to use the verb "to mangle." Accurately reporting, one day, the anguished cry of a poor husband who had found the body of his wife in the municipal morgue, White wrote "My God, it's her!" and when the city editor changed this to "My God, it is she!" our wanderer moved sadly on to where they had a better understanding of people and a proper feeling for the finer usages of the English tongue. He became mess boy on a ship bound for Alaska, commanded by an old whaling captain, and manned by a crew who knew that a man says it's her when he finds her dead.

Shortly after *The New Yorker* was founded, its editors began to get occasionally manuscripts from an unknown young man named E. B. White who was a production assistant in an advertising agency. Harold Ross and Katharine Angell, his literary editor, were not slow to perceive that here were the perfect eye and ear, the authentic voice and accent for their struggling magazine. It took months, however, to trap the elusive writer into a conference and weeks to persuade him to come to work in the office; he finally agreed to give them his Thursdays. It is not too much to say that Andy White was the most valuable person on the magazine. His delicate tinkering with the works of *The New Yorker* caused it to move with a new ease and grace. His tag lines for those little newsbreaks which the magazine uses at the bottom of columns were soon being read joyfully aloud around town. His contributions to the Talk of the Town, particularly his Notes and Comment on the first page, struck the shining note that Ross had dreamed of striking. He has written a great many of the most memorable picture captions, including the famous one that has passed (usually misquoted) into song and legend, editorial and, I daresay, sermon: "I say it's spinach and I say the hell with it." He had a hand in everything: he even painted a cover and wrote a few advertisements. One day nine years ago he decided that some pencil drawings I had absently made and thrown on the floor should be published in *The New Yorker,* so he picked them up, inked in the lines, and, to the surprise of us all, including Ross, got them published in *The New Yorker.*

Andy White understands begonias and children, canaries and goldfish, dachshunds and Scottish terriers, men and motives. His ear not only notes the louder cosmic rhythms but catches the faintest ticking sounds. He plays a fair ping pong, a good piano, and a terrible poker (once, holding four natural jacks, he dropped out of the betting under the delusion that there were eight jacks in the deck and all he had was half of them). He has steadfastly refused to learn to play bridge or to take out life insurance. Once he offered an airplane pilot a thousand dollars to take him through a stormy dawn from Roosevelt Field to Chicago because a mysterious phone call had made him believe a friend was in great distress. The pilot had to make a forced landing in Pittsburgh, so that all White had to pay to see for himself that all was quiet along Lake Michigan was eight hundred dollars and his railroad fare from Pittsburgh. When a band of desperadoes stole his Buick sedan out of a quiet Turtle Bay garage and used it in the robbery of an upstate bank, White was suspected by the New York police of being the "brain guy" who devised the operations of a large and dangerous mob. For days detectives shrewdly infested his office, peering under tables, asking questions, staring in suspicious bewilderment at the preposterous array of scrawls, dentist's dates, symbols, phone numbers, photographs, and maps that littered his walls. Eventually they went shrewdly away but every time I hear the sirens scream, I think they are coming for White. The former suspect is a good man with ax, rifle, and canoe (for several years he was part owner of a boys' camp in darkest Canada), and he sails a thirty-foot boat expertly. Two of his favorite books are "Van Zanten's Happy Days" and Alain-Fournier's "The Wanderer." In the country he is afflicted with hay fever and in the city with a dizziness that resembles ordinary dizziness only as the mist resembles the rain. He expects every day of his life that something will kill him: a bit of mould, a small bug, a piece of huckleberry pie.

Some years ago White bought a farm in Maine and he now lives there the year around with his wife, who was Katharine Angell, and their son. He spends most of his time delousing turkeys, gathering bantam eggs, building mice-proof closets, and ripping out old fireplaces and putting in new ones. There is in him not a little of the spirit of Thoreau who believed "that the world crowds round the individual, leaving him no vista, and shuts out the beauty of the earth; and that the wholesome wants of man are few." Now and then, between sunup and milking time, Andy White manages to write a casual or a poem for *The New Yorker,* and he does a monthly department for *Harper's Magazine.* Many of the things he writes seem to me as lovely as a tree—say a maple after the first frost, or the cherry hung with snow. What he will go on to do in his forties and fifties I have no idea. If he simply continues to do what he has always done, it will be all right with me.

James Thurber is the author of "My Life and Hard Times" and "Let Your Mind Alone."



"The world crowds round the individual, leaving him no vista" . . .

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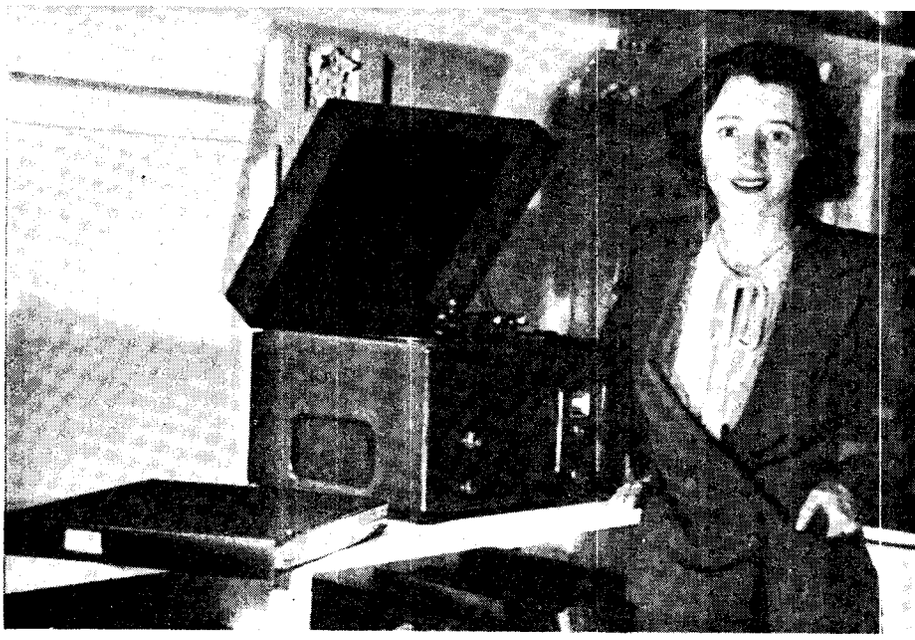
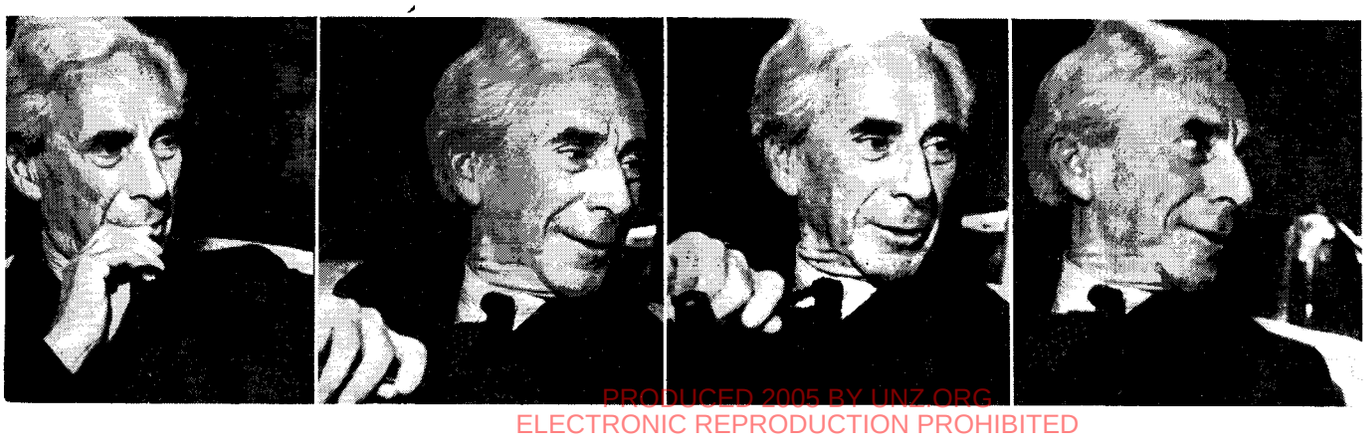
Clifton Fadiman (above, standing), conductor of NBC's program "Information, Please!," fires questions at guests (Bruce Bliven and Quincy Howe, left; Malcolm Cowley and Richard S. Childs, right center) on special broadcast for Book and Magazine Guild. . . . (Below) Rachel Field at her New York apartment, corrects proofs of her new novel, "All This, and Heaven Too," coming Oct. 24.



Margaret Halsey, back in New York after the year in England hilariously described in "With Malice toward Some." . . . (Below) Theodore Dreiser, who has just returned from Spain, speaking at a dinner of the League of American Writers; at left, guest of honor Edgar Lee Masters; right, toastmaster Malcolm (he gets around) Cowley.

Two visitors from England discuss fascism and the crisis at New York interviews. Phyllis Bottome (right), author of "The Mortal Storm," was more pessimistic than Bertrand ("I am an extreme pacifist") Russell (below). Mr. Russell is now visiting professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago; his latest book is "Power."



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arl Van Doren receives congratulations after pub-cation of his 800-page life of Franklin. . . . Below) MacKinlay Kantor in his New York stu-io; his new novel, "The Noise of Their Wings," oming Oct. 31, is an elegy to the passenger pigeon.

vin Edman (below), whose "Philosopher's Holi-y" (coming Nov. 4) is an informal autobiography events and ideas, has returned to his desk at lumbia University after a sabbatical year, which spent mostly in Europe writing his new book.

aturday Review news pictures by Robert Disraeli)

A Reader's Almanac

BY DONALD GORDON

OCTOBER 17th

☞With *Jungle Patrol,* Vic Hurley tells the story of the Philippine Constabulary whose job was the policing of the islands after "pacification" by the army. ☞*Their Majesties!* is Seymour Berkson's account of the personalities—present activities of living royalty, be- and dethroned. Amusing gossip. ☞And Mr. Daniel Eisenberg, whose company will locate people who solve their budgets by frequent departure, has written *I Find the Missing.*

OCTOBER 18th

☞*National Provincial,* a Yorkshire industrial novel by Lettice Cooper, presents a cross-section of the community during a labor crisis. ☞Not to be overlooked is *Crossword Puzzle Book No. 45.* Graduate doublecrosticians may sneer, of course. ☞On this date, *Dead Ned* by John Masefield provides at once the keenest of pleasure and sharpest of disappointments to those who like a finely told story. For it is but the first volume of a Stevensonian adventure which probably will be the most popular of Masefield's books. What a shame it had to be published in two parts! But read it!

OCTOBER 19th

☞*Our Eleven Chief Justices* by Kenneth B. Umbreit—their personalities and how they affected the country's history.

OCTOBER 20th

☞From swing renditions of Greek legend and modern college-boy novels Mr. John Erskine has turned his interest to the early life of Walt Whitman. *The Start of the Road* is the story of a romance in New Orleans before the War which presumably influenced his life. It makes a story. ☞In *Roads to a New America* David Cushman Coyle, the engineer, pictures an America almost anyone would like, which might be achieved without violent upset. Barrel of argument fodder herein. ☞*Logic* by John Dewey is billed thus—"In the crowning work of his career, he presents his final conclusions." Sounds a wee bit earthshaking. ☞Elsa Lanchester, as you'd guess from the title, is Mrs. Charles Laughton. Her *Charles Laughton and I* is for anyone's idle evening. ☞And you can learn about the devious ways of advertising men—and women—from Helen Woodward who ought to know. She says *It's an Art.*

OCTOBER 21st

☞Noted particularly on this date is *Laughing Diplomat,* the story of his own interesting career by Daniele Vare, author of *The Maker of Heavenly Trousers* and others. Engaging is the word for his style. ☞William McFee's garrulous Chief Engineer Spenlove bends the ear of a passenger with the tale of the woman who put a skipper off his bridge. The title is *Derelict.* ☞*Coöperatives in America* by Ellis Cowling considers the past, present, and future of the movement. ☞For those who wanted more like *Mr. Finchley's Holiday,* Victor Canning sends his little Englishman on another. This time *Mr. Finchley Goes to Paris.* ☞And *Paris* is the title of another light novel by Anne Green for timekillers. ☞Francis Brett Young who, it is said, becomes extremely irked when mentioned as "the successor to Galsworthy," has written *Doctor Bradley Remembers.* His hero, on the eve of retirement after fifty years of practice in an industrial community, passes it all in review. ☞Amleto Vespa tells a tale in *Secret Agent of Japan.* Coerced by threats against his family, the author avers that he was forced to further the Japs' plans in China. And those plans! You wouldn't believe it about the Japs. ☞*The Saga of Frank Dover,* by Johannes Buchholtz, is a long, dark horse adventure novel about a Danish Trader Horn which the author says is true.

OCTOBER 22nd

☞Jerome Weidman's sequel to *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* goes to the other pole. In *What's in It for Me?,* saturnine Harry Bogen, the Little Napoleon of New York's garment center who knows all the answers, once more outsmarts himself over a toothsome tootsie.

OCTOBER 24th

☞*Alone* by Rear Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd is the story which, according to his publishers, friends and admirers have pled with him to disclose for years. Giving in at last, the Ad tells why he spent those months à la Garbo in the advance camp, away from the boys. That was in 1934. ☞And *Trent Intervenes* brings back E. C. Bentley's investigator of the famous *Trent's Last Case,* one of the highs in whodunits. It is a collection of shorts. ☞*Spella Ho,* by H. E. Bates, introduces an author with definite narrative gifts whose novel isn't quite fully conceived. Even so, it'll hold most readers. ☞And there is *Testament,* by R. C. Hutchinson, a highly polished novel about the buffeting of a noble Russian liberal under two regimes, which must meet the curious apathy toward novels of the Russian scene of comparatively recent years. It may beat that prejudice. ☞*All This, and Heaven Too,* by Rachel Field, is the story of the author's great-aunt Henriette, who was quite a romantic person to have discovered right in your family. It is a 600-page monument to a likable, intelligent woman distinguished only as a figure in a nineteenth century murder case. ☞*The Enjoyment of Literature,* a huge volume in which John Cowper Powys

(*Continued on page* 30)

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Totalitarian Fiction

THE title of this editorial has no reference whatsoever to the creative efforts in story-telling, if any, in the totalitarian states. If their rulers are interested in literature, they have given no sign, and what they are not interested in will, for a while, not exist above ground.

Yet consciousness of the state as a factor in the life of the individual, and of society as a complex which influences his every thought, is not confined to the dictatorships. We are all intensely aware of social forces, and so, of course, are the novelists.

Totalitarian fiction is not new, but it is new in the United States. When John Dos Passos writes a novel, he is no longer writing of the manners of a caste or a culture in the old sense. His characters are like boys studying in the blare of a radio. While they go through the routine of living, the wash and backwash of standardized social feeling runs through and over their minds. They are parts of all they hear, and their private thoughts are suggested by what everyone is thinking.

When Thomas Wolfe clipped off and published another section of that news reel which his death stopped in the middle of a scene, something equivalent was happening. In him the stream of consciousness, which Joyce had made a classic way of telling a story, had become a description of contacts. Here was America, no longer a land, but rather a familiar society which looked homogeneous until a sensitive soul "contacted" it (the word exactly suggests the experience). Then what he saw was a scurry of individuals who did not fit into the pattern trying to escape and failing, and a drift of the vast majority unaware that they were only half alive.

How far is this movement going? Must we be reminded by every novel we read that the price of nails is involved in many love stories, or that the rise of anti-Semitism in Europe sets off reactions in America which must be taken into account when telling over again the old story of the small-town boy who made good? Will the novelist of the future have to be a sociologist, an economist, a psychologist, and a historian? Certainly not. And yet it is to be hoped that he will take all cargo of that kind aboard that he can safely stow under the hatches. It is folly to suppose that a society which reads a daily paper, sees a news reel weekly, and hears the radio every other hour, is going to be novelized successfully by the old-time story teller who assumed that a "character" was an independent personality instead of a consciousness, floating in a stream of impressions. The sciences, or part sciences, of human relationships have much still to contribute to fiction. They cannot stir creation, but they can make it more intelligent, especially since what has to be created now are individuals almost totally in contact with every broad influence in the nation—one might safely say in the world. It would be interesting, for example, to rewrite "Vanity Fair" as a totalitarian novel with complete awareness of its proper extensions into the economics of Great Britain in the Napoleonic era. It would be even more interesting to retell "Oliver Twist" or "David Copperfield" in the light of the new science of adolescent psychology.

Would they be better novels? Yes—if done with the same genius as inspired the originals. Of course they would be better. But let no publisher rush to invite rewrite men to get out 1938 models of the classics of English fiction. There is a catch in the argument. Totalitarian fiction is much harder to write than the books in which the author did not have to know that his heroes were products of their social organism; or did not have to imitate a society in which printing, audition, and transportation had blurred the sharp edges of individualism.

A novelist has first of all to tell a story, and next put credible (and interesting) people into it. Obviously every difficulty in his way—and our new knowledge of the complexities of human behavior is a real difficulty—makes it harder for his imagination to work free and create men and women who are wholes. For while they must be wholes if they are to live, we now recognize far better than ever before that they are also parts, tiny parts, of a totalitarian scheme in which with difficulty they keep consciousness of a personality that is their own.

Until this new knowledge is organized, clarified, and authenticated, it will never get into the right perspective in the novelist's mind. He will be asking himself, what is the psychological aspect of this situation? Whereas if he is to work freely, the psychological aspect should be as familiar as the moral aspect was to Trollope or Scott. He will be trying to write, as so many are today, of societies which are much too abstract or complex to handle in a work of art, instead of describing people he has known at first hand. No wonder so many good fiction writers have recently turned to history. They have seen the appalling result when novelists have tried to be amateur sociologists, and have read the vast dullness of novels where unrealized individuals struggle on the surface of an elaborate case history of the class struggle. So they go back to the Revolution or the Civil War, where the historians have told them what to say about society, and where their characters may move freely against a background that everyone believes in.

But the vogue of the historical novel will soon pass, and then we shall have some interesting experiments. There will be no caste, no milieu, no accepted code of manners in Society with a capital S, in which a great artist like Jane Austen can play variations, which are not the less significant for all human nature because her characters are totally unaware of any important existence except their own. Does this mean that we shall have no studies of manners, but only satire and wisecracks about bad manners, which will make a very different story? One fears so.

There will be no humor in the realization that the humblest member of society has professional entertainers constantly on the air to make jokes for him. Such a society is not likely to develop much humor of its own. Humor is closely related to contrast, and there is little contrast in the totaliarianism of standardization. Will the Mark Twains of the future become ironists outright in default of anything really funny in communities that let the radio do their talking and the movies their acting for them? Perhaps. Is this why the really amusing books of the past few years have all been burlesque, or close to it? By now even hillbillies and Gullah Negroes have become self-conscious.

It is a trend, as critics like to say, and all we can do is to watch it. If there are any great novelists now in short pants or braids, they should find when their time comes the totalitarian conception of society so shaken down and ripened as to be, perhaps, a challenge, rather than a problem. After all the middle class, whose rise was the cause of the invention of novel writing, must have presented painful difficulties, and later great opportunities to writers accustomed to interpret all useable experience in terms of heroic romance. And furthermore, if the world becomes totalitarian in the political sense, there will be no more novels, but only propaganda stories about how to become a good Nazi, or whatever it will be good to become then. In which case, literature will find some other way of helping man to look from the outside in, at himself.

H. S. C.

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Letters to the Editor: *Unpublished Papers of Mark Twain; Frances Winwar Replies to Critic*

DeVoto to Edit Mark Twain Papers

SIR:—By arrangement with the Mark Twain Estate, I have been put in charge of the unpublished Mark Twain papers. I am to complete the work left unfinished by the death of Albert Bigelow Paine, that of arranging and cataloguing the material, and to edit several volumes for publication. Announcement of those volumes will be made at the proper time. Meanwhile, since one of the projects is the preparation of a more complete edition of Mark Twain's letters, I shall be grateful if collectors and others who own any unpublished letters will communicate with me. In order to make the catalogue as complete as possible, I should like also to hear from all those who may have unpublished manuscripts of Mark Twain's.

During the next two years it will be impossible for me to answer questions concerning the unpublished material. It is likely that, at the end of that period, arrangements will be made to open the Mark Twain papers to the examination of qualified scholars.

BERNARD DEVOTO.
98 Widener Library
Cambridge, Mass.

"Farewell the Banner"

SIR:—It is the prerogative of the critic to point out errors of fact in the book he reviews. Happily that prerogative is also allowed the author when confronted with obvious misrepresentation in the criticism of his work.

In his review of my "Farewell the Banner" (*The Saturday Review of Literature*, October 1, 1938), Professor Harper writes of the illustration on the front end-sheet: "It purports to be a view of 'Derwentwater and Skiddaw Mount from Dove Cottage'! To see Skiddaw and Derwentwater from Dove Cottage, one would have to possess telescopic eyes . . ." The photograph, from which the illustration is made, was taken by Dr. M. Edmund Speare, himself a noted lecturer and author. He labeled the negative "Derwentwater and Skiddaw Mount as seen from Castle Head. (This is a view from Dove Cottage.)" It was the parenthetical note that created the confusion in the caption. While the view could not be visible from Dove Cottage itself, it is one that the Wordsworths must have had often before their eyes, as Castle Head is near enough to Grasmere to satisfy any Wordsworth lover.

Again Professor Harper says: ". . . Though an honest and candid biographer must not exclude important facts unfavorable to the person about whom he writes, on the other hand it is unnecessary and harmful to emphasize, and still more to invent, degrading qualities or incidents." I make bold to charge that when the eminent professor accuses me of inventing degrading qualities or incidents, he is himself *inventing*, unless he is ready to bring those accusations to the proof from the body of my book.

Further, Professor Harper writes, as if in contradiction of what I have taken the pains to stress, " 'Poor Coleridge,' because his woes were real—a malformed body, an almost lifelong illness, the tyrannical opium habit, a will too weak to guide his towering intellect, an unhappy marriage." Poor Coleridge indeed! If Professor Harper had read "Farewell the Banner" with less prejudice, he would have seen on page 301 that the *poor* was prefixed by the Wordsworths and that, because of my admiration for Coleridge's towering intellect, I resented the adjective with the same violence as Lamb, who could not bear to have the word associated with such a man. I know nothing of *malformed* body, however, and I should be grateful to Professor Harper for proof that Coleridge was malformed, unless the difficulty that the poet had in breathing through his nose constitute malformation. As for the reality of Coleridge's woes—I have taken the trouble to write a book in order to do justice to them.

"I wouldn't dare tell you what *he* calls a spade."

"One might suppose, from Mrs. Winwar's account," continues my critic, "that he spent his college years in debauchery. For this there is no proof, and we know he read copiously at Cambridge and frequented the society of serious men." There is an overabundance of proof in Coleridge's self-accusing letters to his brother George that his life at Cambridge was not all that it should have been—or, to put it more realistically, that it was no exception to the general low level of the times. As for the serious men whose society he frequented, Coleridge saw fit to write of them in a letter to his brother in which he promised to turn over a new leaf: "Everyone of my acquaintance I have dropped solemnly and forever." This Professor Harper could have found, with the necessary exegesis, on page 58 of my book.

Most significantly Professor Harper charges further: "She makes much of the undeniable fact that Wordsworth wished to exclude 'The Ancient Mariner' from the second edition of their joint publication, 'Lyrical Ballads,' his reason no doubt being not jealousy but a sense of its incongruity with his own plain-style poems." As a matter of fact, I have little to say of a notorious literary case. If Professor Harper had read my book with ordinary interest he would not have falsified the truth, consciously or unconsciously. What I make much of, and what constitutes the crux of my charge that Wordsworth killed Coleridge as a poet, is the less known fact that Wordsworth not only wished to exclude, but succeeded in excluding, from the second edition of "Lyrical Ballads" "Christabel," that miraculous and sudden flowering of Coleridge's awakened creativeness. From page 287 to page 293 I labor to explain what the creation of the second part of "Christabel" meant to Coleridge, from the moment he burst in upon the Wordsworths, "very wet," that he might read it to them, to that sealing of his fate as a poet when Wordsworth wrote to the printer: "It is my wish and determination that (whatever the expense may be, which I hereby take upon myself) such pages of the poem of Christabel as have been printed (if such there be), be cancelled." What Wordsworth's reasons may have been I have, *no doubt*, as much of a right to infer as has Professor Harper. Do I create a picture of his predilected poet Wordsworth as a hard-hearted, unappreciative egoist? Let any impartial reader judge for himself from the bald facts.

As for "cheap rhetoric" and "incorrect grammar" Professor Harper is, by his own standards, guilty on both counts in the "Poor Coleridge" passage of his brief review. He is moreover guilty on an ethical score in his failure to produce evidence for his charges. FRANCES WINWAR.

New York City.

Mr. Harper Replies

SIR:—Miss Winwar challenges me to defend my criticism of her book, "Farewell the Banner." Considering her protest in detail, we must let nature and geography settle the point about the

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Roots in Kentucky

BLACK IS MY TRUE LOVE'S HAIR. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

ONE recalls the huge canvases of Elizabeth Madox Roberts's earlier novels. "The Time of Man," "The Great Meadow"—even the titles have the sweep and swing of major work. In them man was placed against the broad background of time and space. He was the individual, but he exemplified some universal will or drive. Characters true each to his own nature, his own period and locale, they yet drew about them the habiliments of mankind. The clear authentic note in these novels was recognized at once. Critics, both here and in England, were almost unanimous in their appreciation, and the books were immediately translated into every important European language.

"My Heart and My Flesh" was an early novel, too, but it struck sharply into the personal, it probed instead of spreading, a psychic turbulence already obscured at times the meaning. Emotion, instead of flowing forth or breaking out, became congested; dark implications took the place of the fine explicitness of the major works.

In "He Sent Forth a Raven," three years ago, Elizabeth Madox Roberts forswore that simple knowing which marked the earlier work in order to pursue an urgent speculative attack which left too much to the activity of the reader. She no longer spoke directly. She chose to use tokens whose value was not sure, whose symbols were not agreed upon.

These two trends, the one outward toward the natural and the general, the other inward toward the subjective and the mystical, are both evident in "Black Is My True Love's Hair," but the baffling shadow of the latter falls too heavily across the clear pattern of the former. In the description of village life, a Kentucky village grown up and straggled out into the shape of the letter N, we find again the power to evoke sensuously the reality of a countryside, and in the simple, secondary characters we find again the men and women transcending their personal moment, yet living it fully with roots reaching down through the present deep into timelessness, tapping a racial whole. But the major characters, Dena Janes, Journeyman, and Langtry seem too slight for the portentous roles they have to fill. It is difficult to determine just what they stand for, or why their utterances should be so unfathomable. They, too, are of the Southern village, and yet their speech and thought might have come from some twilight of Orphic mystery.

The plot in outline is melodramatic. Telling of the year-long attempt of Dena Janes to build herself back into normal life and happiness after a terrifying emotional experience, it depends for impetus upon events and motives not convincing in themselves. Suggestive as they are when seen through the distorting perspective of Dena's outlook, they become, once they are drawn out into full objective view, too crude, too tawdry, for the beauty that is woven around them.

The novel requires two readings: the first will be hurried, with a constant feeling of uncertainty—just what has happened? Just what does this mean?—but with the second, when certain ultimate enigmas have been accepted, there will be the slow delight found in the mastery of words, and in scenes unforgettable in their radiant isolation.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts has taught us to expect complete magic from her deep, modulated prose. When less is offered, we cavil, perhaps ungraciously, because we have known fuller measure, but there is in everything she writes enough always to set it apart from the hasty stream of contemporary fiction. Perhaps we should simply take what she offers.

Ballad of the Bride

BY JESSE STUART

MY bride don't like the mountain shack,
She wants a house of stone;
My Love has said she's going back
To life that is her own.
What shall I do for I can't lose
My bride in gowns so fine
Who walks in fifty-dollar shoes
And loves her cakes and wine!

A bride can strut in gowns so fine
And fifty-dollar shoes;
A mountain man should always mind
The kind of bride to choose.
And you can have your big fine house
And we will keep the shack,
And when you get your city house
Your heart will turn you back.

Your ways are dark and I shall take
My bride unto the town
Where lonesome mountain winds can't break
The heart beneath her gown.
I'll take her to the shining streets
Away from paths of mud
Where people wear good clothes she greets
Among her people's blood.

The mountain blood in a mountain man,
Sired where these waters run,
Is always blood of a mountain man
And thicker blood, my son.
The mountain blood in a mountain girl
Is your own kind, my son;
It'll stand by you when your fine world
Has quickly come undone.

I do not care for a mountain lass
Who cannot wear her clothes;
My Love, dear mother, must have class
In any place she goes.
Her dainty lips must sip the wine,
Her swan-white bosom show,
And on her fingers diamonds shine
Like patches of the snow.

Your bride can drink the costly wine
And eat the sweetest cake,
And she can leave your oak and pine
And sounds your lone winds make.
And she can wear her diamond ring
That glistens like the snow,
And she can be the dainty thing
With swan-white breasts to show.

Remember, son, that mountain blood
Is very slow to change,
And you will long for paths of mud
And mountains for a change.
You'll long to hear your old fox horn,
The crack of your shot-gun;
You'll long to plow the newground corn
And hear these waters run.

"My son can have his big fine house
But we will keep the shack,
And when he gets the big stone house
He'll want the old logs back.
His father sired him in the shack
Where lonesome waters run,
With the world's best cloth upon his back
He will return—my son."

* * * *

Mother, I've been two years away
In a mansion made of stone;
I left my Love and ran away
Back to these things I own.
I could not buy her costly wine
Nor fifty-dollar shoes,
Nor diamonds like the stars that shine
And gowns my Love would choose.

I want to hear the hunter's horn,
I want to shoot my gun;
I want to smell the growing corn
And hear the waters run.
I do not want the house of stone,
I only want the shack,
And eat the food that is my own
And have my old bed back.

I want to sickle slopes of grain
And walk on paths of mud,
I want to live my life again
And be my father's blood.
My second bride, a mountain girl,
My first true Love will be,
Then I can sing and I can shout:
The world belongs to me!

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Literary Triangle

CLOUDY TROPHY: The Romance of Victor Hugo. By Léon Daudet. Translated by James Whitall. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

LAST year the indefatigable Léon Daudet found time, while lambasting the French republic and cheering for fascism and monarchy (a characteristic contradiction!), to add to the long list of his varied writings. This time it was "La Tragique Existence de Victor Hugo," a more or less romanticized life of his grandfather. Mr. Whitall has found an appropriate quotation from Keats to grace his English version, which is as lively as the original—and Daudet is nothing if not lively to the point of rambunctiousness—and spares the reader by judicious cutting of some of Daudet's polemical asides. Daudet has on many occasions expressed his contempt for Hugo, but his book is not vituperative. It is well worth reading.

From a certain point of view, Hugo, his wife, and Sainte-Beuve were contemptible characters, and it is of this trio, with the addition of the non-contemptible Juliette Drouet, that Daudet has compounded a narrative which brings together in brief compass the essential facts of a story familiar to all readers of French literature. Daudet's contempt has to do essentially with the fact that old Hugo was a perfervid champion of republicanism, which led to his banishment to Guernsey, via Belgium and Jersey. But, what will seem more contemptible to most people today is the behavior of the three chief parties to the Sainte-Beuve-Hugo scandal. Victor-Marie was an assiduous Don Juan all his life, his tastes ranging wherever opportunity offered, but chiefly in the direction of street-walkers, kitchen-maids, and actresses.

It was this man's destiny, at the age of twenty-nine, just at his rise to fame, to discover that the tables had been turned on him. His wife, Adèle, fell in love with his best friend, Sainte-Beuve, and the latter went so far as to glorify the fact, first in verse and then in prose. Hugo was young and handsome and famous, Sainte-Beuve was an ugly, bald, disgruntled critic, who was jealous of the rising author and had in Adèle his revenge. Amongst his other amours, Hugo picked up a girl who was to become his devoted slave and companion for life, Juliette Drouet. Daudet tells the story from the point where the Hugos agreed to disagree, but Adèle was not allowed to see Sainte-Beuve, whereas Juliette everywhere occupied the position of *maîtresse en titre* of her adored Victor, whose infidelities to her continued to the end of his days.

Why Hugo was never divorced remains to this day inexplicable, for he mocked at the Catholicism of his mother as his father did—a fact indignantly admitted by Léon Daudet, who thinks he should have sought the consolations of religion in his tragic plight. At the same time his exuberant grandson seems almost to glory in Hugo's transgressions. Neither Adèle nor Juliette did, and a strange life was had by all three, while Juliette nursed and coddled her darling, interceded for his wife, and entertained his friends and even his children. She was his inspiration, too, for Daudet points out, after her death, he never wrote again. His life was a ceaseless battle of hate against his wife and her seducer, of magnificent rhetorical writing, interspersed with some of the loveliest poetry in French, as finer minds than his reluctantly admit. With all this, he was an exile, the persistent opponent of Napoleon the Small, and the most popular figure of his day in Paris. When he returned in triumph in 1870, he was elected to the National Assembly. An impressive façade, a colossal success, but a tormented cuckold, he was indeed hung amongst the cloudy trophies of veiled Melancholy.

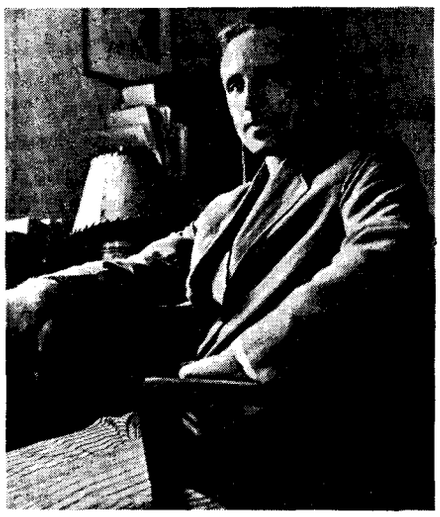
The Drive of Life

PATTERNS OF SURVIVAL. An Anatomy of Life. By John Hodgdon Bradley. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $2.25.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

"IF there is any meaning for mice or men in the restless drive of life, a million years of living should contain it. To search those years for that meaning will be the object of this book." The author is well prepared to undertake this task, for as a paleontologist he has cracked open many a rock and come upon many a puzzle in his study of earth's history. He has seen for himself the first faint evidences of primordial life in the algae, seaweeds, sponges, and worms of the Pre-Cambrian period; his, by profession, is the fossil record of that unbelievably fantastic pageant of creation, lasting a billion years and moving through worms and trilobites, crustacea, sharks, fishes, amphibia, reptiles, mammals, and birds, to the animals that now populate the earth. But this is no dry recitation of earth's history; it is a collection of deft essays on the nature of life itself, on the stresses and strains that have shaped it, on survival with and without struggle, on the mechanics of success and failure. Details are used as needed, but never allowed to distract attention from the broader view. The discussion, as one might hope, is concentrated in the last chapters on man himself, his sexuality and family life, his place in nature, whether he be god or beast. In content these are among the best in the book.

A number of the essays included in this volume have been published separately elsewhere, which accounts for a certain discontinuity in thought, but the whole hangs together admirably well, chiefly in consequence of Professor Bradley's style. His manner of writing is simple and straightforward, and marked by an exceptional gift for pithy generalization.



John Hodgdon Bradley

> A great misfortune of most creatures who have thronged the earth for a billion years is that they were ever born. Their lives were blessed with no slightest hope of fulfillment, even when fulfillment consisted merely in eating and avoiding being eaten until reproduction had been achieved. . . . For two billion years [terrestrial] affairs have proceeded through conflict. Rivers, wind, and moving ice have worked to tear down the lands; volcanoes and subterranean upheavals have worked to build them up. Never have the titanic conflicts of these forces been much or for long disturbed by peace. . . .

Quotations may convey an idea of the style of the book, but a false impression of its contents. The factual knowledge, the maturity of thought, the philosophical penetration that recur in it page after page bespeak not merely a competent popularizer of paleontology but a paleontologist who has something to say in his own right as well as an unusual talent for saying it. His sure stroke falters only once: in few brief passages on emergent evolution (the Lloyd-Smuts doctrine that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts) he has introduced an unexpected note. This single incongruity, however, will not mar the book for anyone.

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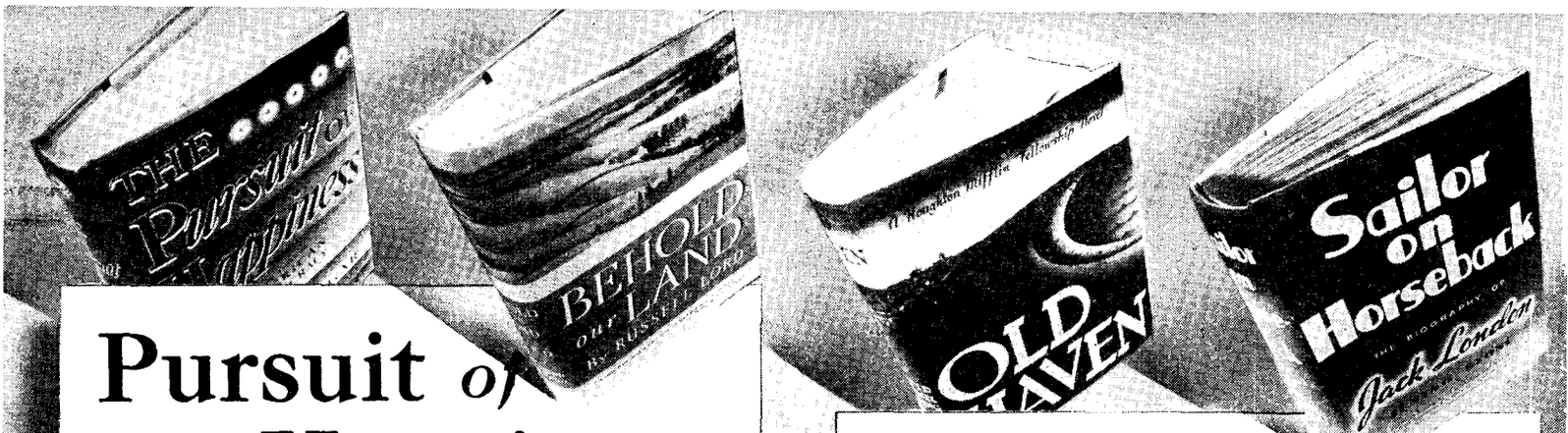

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Illustrated, $3.00

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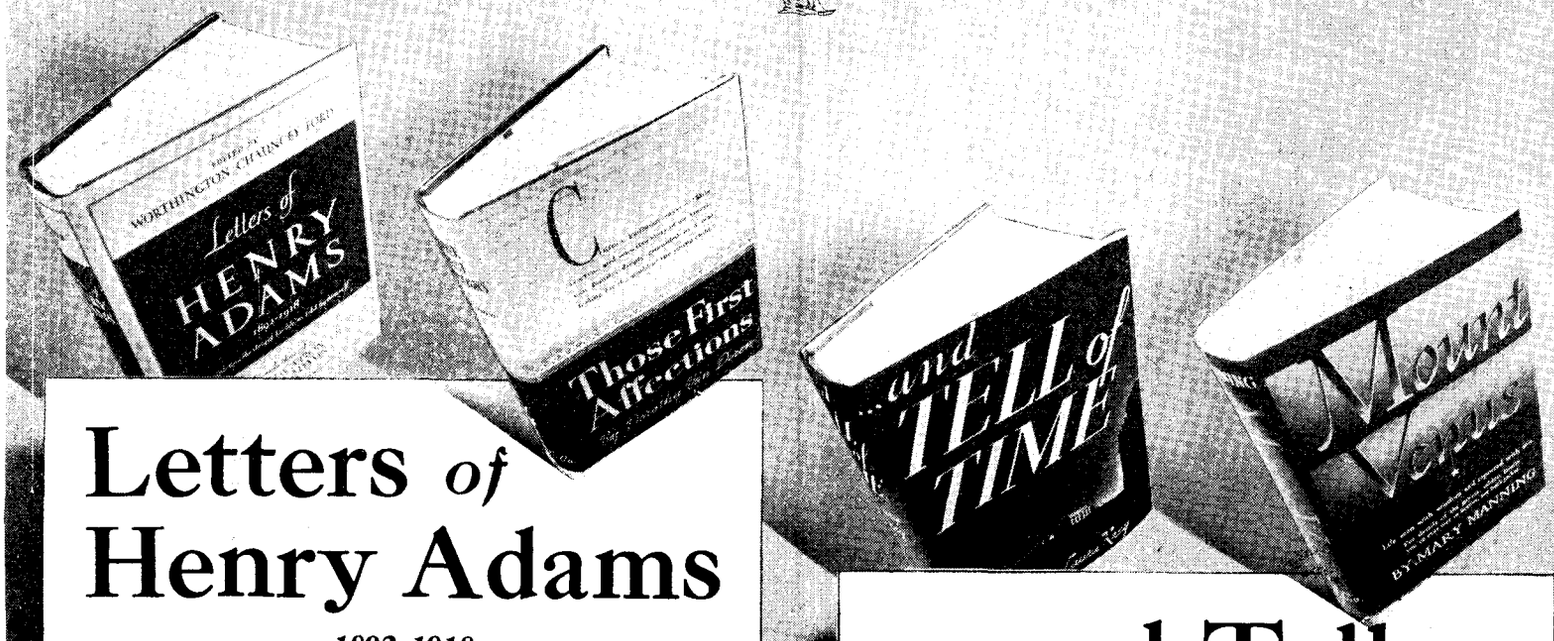

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1892-1918

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by DONALD DAVIDSON

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History of an Autumn

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WE come to September. How shall the historian condense that month? All he can do is "shoot a few levels" as a surveyor once said who was puzzled by the drainage of a bumpy Long Island lot.

For in September the dam broke. The game of Ring-Around-a-Nazi couldn't be played any longer. Once more Europe trembled under a Little Corporal. (Where was Unity Mitford?) The Trojan Horse came steadily closer to the wall. Those who tried to think things through found they were through thinking.

So, with their usual hankering for simplification, men tried to blame worldwide stupidities as the fault of one man.

In the spring of 1938 an eminent ex-German author lectured across the United States on "The Coming Victory of Democracy." In September that title sounded a bit optimistic. It looked as though democracy required enormous environs of salt water to keep it from decay.

On the 9th of September a historian went, on interim, to the hills of the Blue Ridge. He was feeling blue himself: he had read the New York, Washington and Philadelphia papers en route, and bought the evening *Sun-paper* on arrival in Baltimore. He telegraphed a kinsman (a newspaper man) *We are not amused;* then there was some time to wait before taking the Western Maryland cars. In afternoon ease he rambled in what remains his favorite of all cities. He went to have a look at his old school on Cathedral Street. It used to be Mr. Marston's, the University School, but is now P. S. 49, and in 1914 renamed for Robert E. Lee, with Marse Robert's Horatian motto *Ne Incautus Futuri.* This was appropriate. Still more so the quotation from Lee on the tablet: "Human Virtue should always be equal to human calamity." He wondered if it was going to be. He was startled to find that across the street the old severely-walled Bryn Mawr School for Girls (object of mystified speculation to Mr. Marston's boys all those years ago) was now the Deutsches Haus—with a beer garden in the yard. No further surprises were possible.

He loitered across the park to another familiar haunt, Mount Royal Station of the B. & O., the most placid big-town depot in America. It lies in a hollow, under slopes of sunburned lawn. There was the same old fleur-de-lys-shape flower bed, and a colored porter drowsily dragging himself up the long stairs. In the waiting rooms the same peaceful hush, so rarely broken by a train. Where else in the world will you find a railroad station whose only sound is the creak of rocking chairs? There were the good old photos of B. & O. landscapes: *Cornfields of Ohio; Trough of the Potomac; The Fertile Hills of Maryland; Harpers Ferry;* and *Aqueduct over the Monocacy.* Even in that remembered place were suggestions of war: the Monocacy River, playmate of childhood, rises on the slopes of Gettysburg.

Then, back at the other depot, the brisk Western Maryland train came bustling in: copper piping burnished on the sturdy loco, two trim little cars with blinds pulled housewifely even. A crate of doves for the Timonium Fair seemed the only baggage: a peaceful omen he hoped. Through the long tunnel and the green glades of the suburbs. Back from memory of more than thirty years came that moaning scream of the whistle. Then the red earth of Maryland, who has always kept her beauties private for those who love her. Not for her the push and publicity of Vermont. Corn shocks and sorrel were pink in sunset, and the first touch of autumn lipstick on the trees. Through the country of grazing and orchard; river meadows with great timber; sheep and hogs and mules, and a muddy "branch." There were little towns with still something of the slattern touch of the South. Going through one such he remembered how years ago an emergency visit to the dentist saved a family from being in the wreck of the Blue Mountain Express. The profile of hills drew nearer; and as the train climbed the ridges beyond Thurmont a full moon was rising over the plain in a flush of tawny haze. How far it seemed from Europe and from any kind of pressure. But the world is tightened in a queer web. The first thing you see at Blue Ridge Summit is the house where a Queen of England was almost born. No, I mean where there was born a lady who almost became Queen of England. She is now the Duchess of Windsor. And when he left the Summit, three days later, every radio on that inland hilltop was bringing the words of Adolf Hitler from Nuremberg.

There followed, for him and everyone, the Radio Fortnight, the universal purge. Motorists on tour stopped at hot dog stands to know what was coming through. They saw the roadside signs, *Rely on Your Brakes Instead of Your Horn,* and thought Tell it to Hitler. Through the golden ethers of autumn, words came always darker and heavier. The day of the Sports Palace tirade, all over New York City people clustered round taxicabs and private cars to hear a shrill voice (with a very impure accent: not even good German). One no longer took time to reprobate the mispronunciations of broadcasters, and would have been grateful for some of the old cheerful bushwa about toothpaste or cold cream. It was almost impossible to read or write or concentrate on anything. When one went to bed it was realizing that tomorrow was already breaking in Europe; and on what?

The *Herald Tribune* printed a gorgeous photo of the household cat of Number Ten Downing Street sitting warily at that famous doorstep. It was a black cat with ears flattened backward, tail tense with nerves. That was the mood of everyone. Whether black cats are lucky or unlucky is still debate, but some thought the parable was clear. There were plenty to suggest that if this were the British lion it was shrunk indeed; world-broken at last.

Inside that doorway the furled umbrella was ready to go on its travels.

The week-end of October 1 and 2 was autumn at its brightest: clear sun, quick air, the trees turning in swatches of color. Commuters took Saturday off to rake and burn and chop; Long Island and New England were still busy repairing the wreckage of a hurricane. At dusk, a blanched almond moon curved slowly to westward, that straight-edged semicircle that seems always the most artificial of her phases. It would have been a useful moon for an air raid.

It was a week-end of breathing space. (Moratorium salutamus). It was a good week-end for parsons, they were almost gay for the first time in twenty years. Newspaper editors were playing golf, after having duly written their leaders that this was probably a pretty poor kind of Peace. It was astonishing how many newspaper byliners in America thought Europe should have gone to War. There was a great deal of courage of other people's patriotism.

But in the suburbs the big atlas, which had lain open on the table for a month, was returned to its place on the shelf. The radio had gone back to Bran Flakes and Bulova watches, Face Powders and Football Scores. In hospitals the nurses were wondering what to give patients, thought fatally ill, who had been revived —more than by strychnine or digitalis—by those repeated shots of suspense. September had indeed been a month with an R, and the R was Radio. Tuning in at odd intervals, as everyone did, who would know whether he might hear of a final mobilization or something about Buttered Pecan Rolls? Spinning the dial its full gamut, 1550 to 570, seining the ether for some catch of information, what an audition of a crazed (yet still lovable) world. Poetry readings, hymns, Jim Farley, somnambulist Republicans, outraged libertads ("The speaker's opinions are his own") the launching of the *Queen Elizabeth* in braw Scottish ("Her Majesty will be presented a booky"), the adorably sophisticated rhythms of *A tisket a tasket,* gentlemanly and memorable Mr. De Valera, and anxious Mr. Kaltenborn attempting

(*Continued on page* 28)

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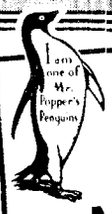

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Fashions in Ideas

(Continued from page 4)

ideas have suffered from their modishness and been impeded by their very popularity. There is, I suppose, no serious writer on human affairs who would withhold tribute to the fundamental depths and importance of the psychoanalytic contribution to the understanding of human motives. Hardly any well-informed person (though there are a few) would contest the immense therapeutic value psychoanalytic treatment has afforded in vast numbers of cases. But the depths of the ideas and their great curative possibilities are not what I mean by psychoanalysis as a fashion. I mean the days, somewhat over now, when a smattering of psychoanalytic terms studded all conversation everywhere, and even the gossip about friends and enemies had to take a psychoanalytic turn. One knew or one suspected everybody's complexes. Where, earlier, people would have spoken of brashness and rudeness, they spoke now of compensation and an inferiority complex. One's friends were no longer unhappy, but frustrated; castles in Spain gave place to wish fulfillments, and no weekend was complete without an amateur psychoanalytic devastation of everybody not present and in turn of everybody there.

It is not easy to say just when it was that the vocabulary of the dinner parties and the little groups began to change. Some say it came with the depression, but I seem to remember noticing it a little earlier. But suddenly it seemed (however gradual it may have been) the talk had turned from sex to socialism. There was even a revival, for a brief, frenzied period, of the ideal of a civilization run by science, this time through the engineers. Technocracy was the name of that short-lived epidemic. It seems incredible now that for months that word to describe a civilization to be saved through engineers and engineering (despite the failure of Herbert Hoover) was the magic symbol, the shibboleth, that dominated the conversation of the intellectuals. There was a flood of books and pamphlets, formulas and statistics; whole forests must have been destroyed to provide the printed matter that nourished the fad. And in a few months the whole forest of printed matter disappeared, and technocracy was as dead as Herbert Spencer.

This is not history but reminiscence, and I cannot say I remember exactly when Marxism first became, pro and con, a staple part of the fashionable diet of ideas. Certainly Marxism to the literate was not new; had we not been required in 1914 to read the "Communist Manifesto" as part of our reading in a regulation, though exceptionally good, course in European history? But books on art and metaphysics and novels and plays were not then discussed in terms of their Rightness or Leftness; one heard little about the Party Line, and Dialectic Materialism was unknown to most hostesses, even as a label.

I am not speaking of serious students of Marxism, nor of the importance of the Marxian understanding of history and politics. I am speaking again of the fact that at a certain point in the history of conversation among the articulates of New York, Marxism became the characteristic theme of conversation and almost a correct standard of intellectual deportment. It cannot be attributed to the Russian Revolution, for the Revolution had taken place in 1917 and between 1917 and 1929 there were many other fashions of ideas.

But it was some time before Marxism could be the comprehensive atmosphere in which all conversation was bathed. Even today, while the strategy of revolution is being discussed in one corner, and there are vivid debates as to how likely it is that the possessing classes will consent to be expropriated without violence, other choruses are sung in other corners. For a time it was relativity, although there was general agreement that nobody (save a dozen men whose names nobody remembered) could understand Einstein. That agreement, however, in which most discussions began, was no bar to talking about the Einstein theory, or even making diagrams of two trains moving at different speeds to illustrate how relative time was. Then there was the winter that Eddington's "Nature of the Physical World" was published, and Sir James Jeans revealed the philosophical mysteries of "The Mysterious Universe." It is hard to remember now the easy way conversationists had with the principle of indetermination, time-space, and quanta. If any one suggested that Jeans and Eddington were superimposing some very questionable—and old-fashioned—metaphysics upon their scientific researches, that Eddington remained fundamentally a Quaker who happened to be playing with quanta, such reservations were for one short winter not the mode.

In still another corner would be a young man who had discovered St. Thomas Aquinas, seven hundred years late, and found in the clear principles of that orthodox summit of Catholic orthodoxy the one way of life for a rational animal, and a most impressive vocabulary. Behaviorism and psychoanalysis had run their course, and it was years since anybody (save economic scholars) had mentioned Veblen, whose "Theory of the Leisure Class" and whose phrase "conspicuous waste" had once been in all literate mouths. Watson, the founder of behaviorism, had been forgotten and was now in the advertising business, and Bergson, whose lectures in French were attended by Frenchless fashionable ladies, was (most people believed) dead. Meanwhile, the free association prose, the introspective streams of consciousness of Proust and Virginia Woolf, began to be more than audible murmurs, "the cult of unintelligibility" began in poetry, and the breakdown of all familiar conventions in surrealist painting. In that time it was bliss to be alive, and to be young was heaven, a heaven filled with singular stars and strange colors, some of them resuscitated, like Aquinas, from a half-forgotten past, as if somebody should declare after looking at the pictures in the Pitti Palace in Florence that he had found the secret of Raphael's blue, or that the methods of the Primitives were the only techniques for modern painting to follow.

It is natural, living in New York, and moving among acquaintances generated by the writing and teaching profession, that I should have been exposed in succession to all these modes. And I discovered further when one left New York one heard the same things, usually, that one had heard in Manhattan the previous winter, in transformed farmhouses in Connecticut, in cafés in Paris, on transatlantic steamers. What, I began to wonder, accounts for these changes in fashions of ideas, so much more rapid in their succession among us than they are abroad? What is there that has made many of these discussions so superficial that the term "intellectual," from being a term naturally enough taken to mean praise as an adjective, has come to have the atmosphere of contempt about it as a noun? I suspect one of the answers lies in the fact that the intellectuals are more interested in articulateness than in analysis, and in themes for conversation than in objects for feeling and thought. The parlor pink, the salon scientist, the drawing-room philosopher, the tea-time psychologist or theologian, are not new in our era. They were rampant in France in the eighteenth century. But the polite world of learning was then a smaller world, and though it is still small (the class of intellectuals is never as large as its fluency would lead one to expect), it had then none of the devices of high-pressure publicity that can rapidly make it as obligatory to have a certain vocabulary as to wear certain kinds of clothes.

There is nothing heinous about the love of words for their own sake. Was it not Plato himself who said that he would never write a treatise on philosophy, that the latter must be acquired by conversation, the flame leaping from speaker to speaker "until the soul itself caught fire"? "Education at lunch" may be a poor affair, but everyone knows how out of a conversation new insights emerge and one's old ones become clarified. But what one could see time and again in New York was the love of words in the place of ideas, and, even worse, simply the love of knowing and displaying the words, clichés cherished for their snob values, or new and current generalizations paraded like the latest fashions in ties or hats. Even noble words standing for noble causes have in our time come to be debased into

(Continued on page 27)

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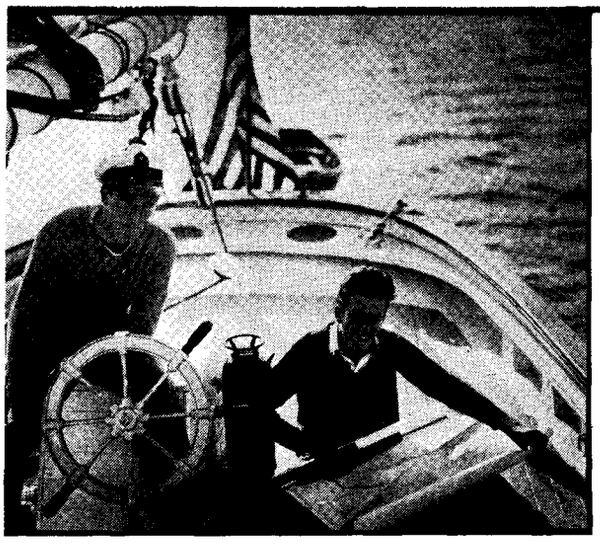

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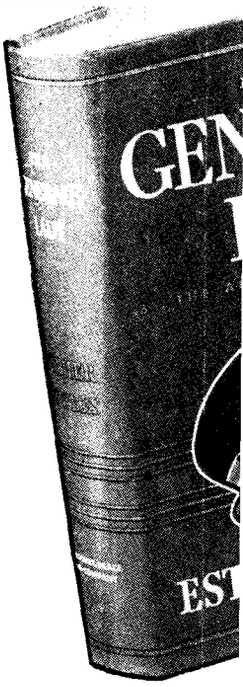

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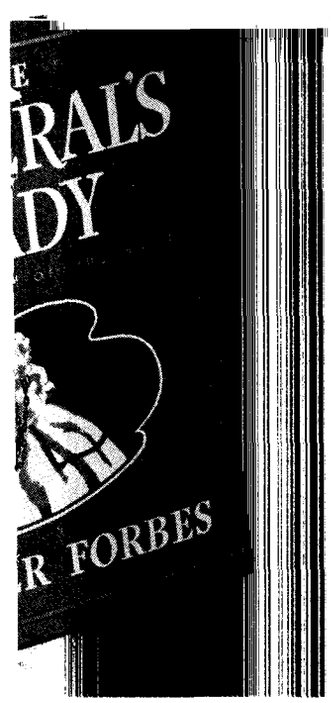

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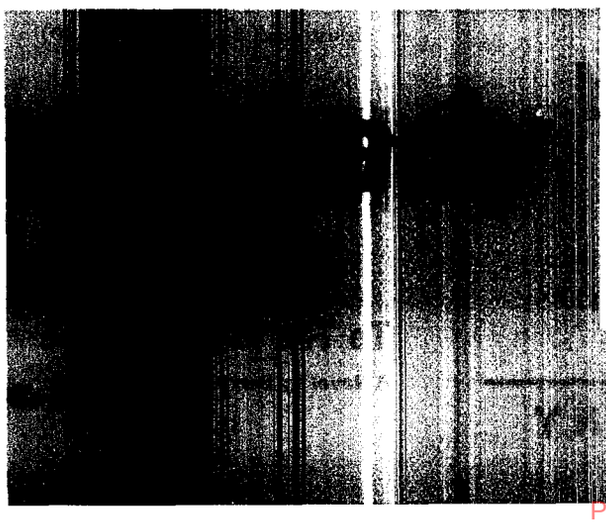

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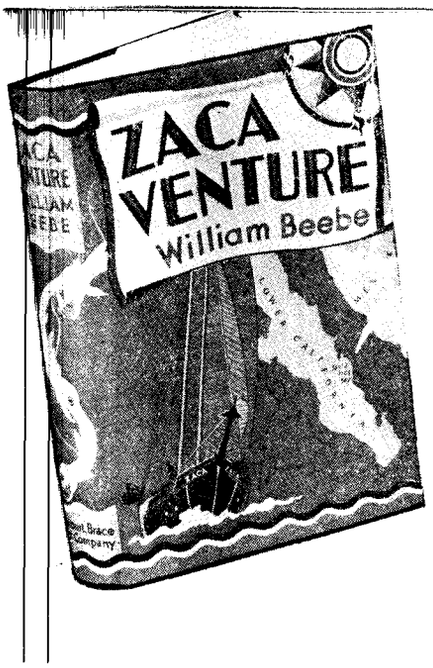

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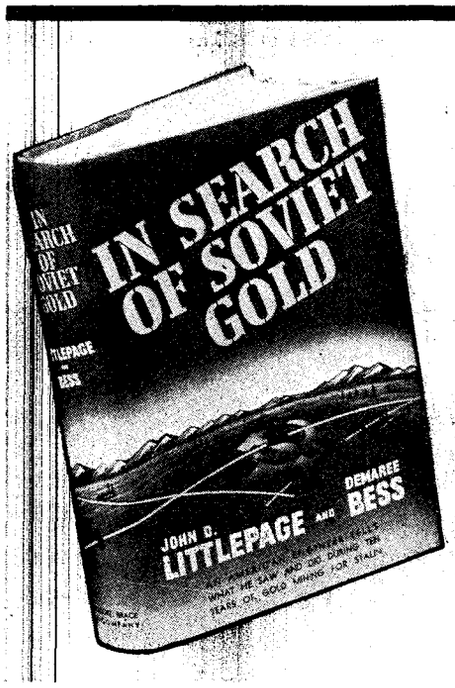

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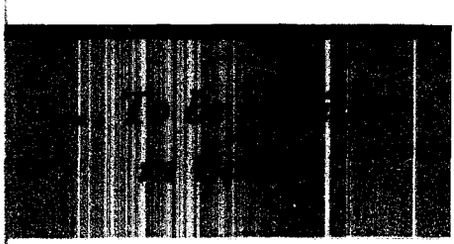

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Fashions in Ideas

(Continued from page 22)

such clichés. Anti-war and anti-fascism can become mere labels and signals, and by the same token so can democracy and socialism. The "Tyranny of Words" has itself, to borrow Mr. Stuart Chase's stereotype, become a "stereotype," and the "Folklore of Capitalism" itself a fashionable mythology.

Impatience with the talking intellectuals may thus easily bring the whole intellectual life into disrepute. I have heard talking fools dismiss the talkers time and again. It is easy enough for the stupid or the dull or the reactionary to mistake intellectual gossip for the intellectual life, and argue from the chatter, polysyllabic but trivial, of the salons that the intellect itself is to be condemned. Our current conservatives are not the first to identify all thinking with sophistry. Socrates himself was put to death partly because he was thought to be one of the glibly talking Sophists who had come to Athens and that, like them, he was teaching young Athenians to talk without knowing what they were talking about—which was what Socrates accused all Athens of doing. But the respectable suspicion of Socrates was plausible, for Socrates himself had become a fashion with the young wits of Athens. The dull and the conservative know only that there is a lot of talk going on, that it is dull to them, that what chiefly seems to recommend ideas (to those whose intellectual life is nearly all talk) is that they are new and that they can be talked about. To the man without a gift for conversation, or the passion for it, all conversation must seem so much chatter and not least so the conversation of the intellectuals. The intellectuals themselves have sometimes felt this about themselves. Every once in a while in New York, at some crowded cocktail party or at some dinner party of the well-fed, the well-clothed, and the well-informed, one hears the desire, usually well expressed, to get away from all the talk. The "*faux-naïf*" itself becomes a fashion, and the silences and the simplicities become the theme of talk, and everyone moves to the country to continue the talk there in a barn made into a studio.

Yet the conservative and the dull are mistaken if they think the chatter that has been current in New York in the last two decades is unimportant. I suspect that the real grudge of the reactionary (rather than the dull) against the articulates is their shrewd perception that the chatter is symptomatic. They realize (what is true) that some of the modes of intellectual life which have become fashionable are symptoms of a deeper uneasiness (shared sometimes by themselves) and of a nervous search for values in place of those no longer adequate. Psychoanalysis may have become a theme for dinner-table conversation and a luxury for

(Continued on next page)

POWER A NEW SOCIAL ANALYSIS

By Bertrand Russell

"IT is a great tragedy that Neville Chamberlain did not read and commit to memory this book. It would, for instance, have told him so much he doesn't seem to know concerning 'leaders and followers', 'the biology of organizations', the forms of power, their uses and, historically speaking, their end results. It is a splendid analysis of power . . . priestly power, kingly power, revolutionary power, economic and military power, the power of propaganda, the ethics of power, and, finally, how we can tame the beast."—*Sterling North* in his Book-of-the-Week Review in the *Chicago News.* $3.00

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History of an Autumn

(*Continued from page* 18)

to mitigate the latest bulletin from "Yirrup." Late one evening Mr. Hindus was announced to speak again from Prague—which was blacked out and ready for anything. (No one will forget those descriptions of the little blue lights.) All waited breathless: and presently there sounded a queer thin-jingling orchestra pathetically playing some sort of Bohemian folk-dance. Was that Czechoslovakia, whistling in the dark?

Already it is almost impossible to write the history of that month. Men looked so closely into an abyss they were dizzy. Even the sound of innocent planes overhead suggested horror. News was pulled up by the roots every half hour, and the newspapers withered. Again—after how many generations—ear, not eye, became the master of the event. And men had scarcely breathed relief that war was averted before the wiseacres began to crab. Insiders said freely that the final crisis had been staged; its dramaturgy was too perfect for accident. Chamberlain and Hitler, they thought, must have been in cahoots. Or that this was not Peace but a sell-out. It was a connivance with fascism to get the better of Russia, or to isolate France. It was the beginning of an era even more terrible than we had yet known . . . and so on.

"I do not know. I live in the suburbs." Yet it is fairly simple to fight for democracy at 3000 miles distance. No one in New York or Washington was seen digging trenches in the parks. Caspar Milquetoast (for whom perhaps this is written) had only one thought: at least there'll be one more Christmas. Even the land of Good King Wenceslas himself can have Christmas.

A journalist said a queer thing. "I don't believe anything I read in the papers, even if I write it myself. Truth is something you feel inside, and you only embarrass it by putting it into words."

It was something new, this lightning radio-plebiscite of world feeling, this staving off by airplane of the air war that all dreaded. Students of publicity were still—in that week-end of argument and self-search—fumbling to state exactly what had happened. One would rather make some living contribution to its understanding than write a magnificent autopsy like Gibbon. Some of its understanding perhaps comes from within. A man wrote from a country house in England (*not* Cliveden) on September 14: "It is after 2 a.m. I have work which must be done tonight. There may be a war on: my feeling as to that is, that nothing that can happen is any different, only quicker or slower; that what you are matters, not what you do. And don't forget, if the new world is to carry the you-know-what of civilization, to think unceasingly what civilization is."

After their golf, on the Sunday, and with the highballs, the byliners had a chance to ease down a bit. Historians do not often record enough of the wisecracks of a period. They were many that breezy afternoon. Irreverence is one of humanity's most engaging traits—at the right moment. The cruelest of epigrams was recalled: Dorothy Thompson's, that Chamberlain had gone to Germany on his knees at two hundred miles an hour. Some said:

> At Munich
> Mr. Chamberlain lost his tunic.

It was wondered whether the French, when they recovered from their grateful stupor, would really want to give Mr. Chamberlain that fishing cottage. "What's he going to fish for?" said one. "Sardines?"—Another remarked that if Rudyard Kipling hadn't been dead already, this would have killed him. Even Haile Selassie came into the argument. Amateur Gibbons began to have premonitions of new imperial declines. "If an Empire," said one, "is just a line of Old Etonian filling stations on the trade routes of the world, I'm not interested." Another suggested that the Munich conference was the Decline and Fall of the Wing Collar. The soft collar boys were hardboiled, the starched collars were crumpled. Another theory was that the Press had been all ready to start a World War and Radio had saved us. . . .

But as old gaffer Hobbes used to say, Be not hasty to conclude. If no one wins a war, no one loses a peace. Perhaps a billion Milquetoasts can't be wrong.

Anyhow there was breathing space; used by some for talking, by some for thinking. General Hugh Johnson, shrewd and tough old commentator, remarked "Let's keep our fingers crossed." And so agreed. 130 million finger-crosses in the United States are better than several million wooden crosses in Central Europe.

On the morning of October 1st a man in the suburbs was lighting a hearth-fire with a bundle of windfall branches, debris of the equinoctial gale, when he heard the wide mellow deep-chorded whistle of the 9.30 train. It always blows a full blast for the bend of Harbor Hill, and the valley below cups and resonates the sound. It seemed a symbol of common things and day-by-day routine. Perhaps all men, consciously or not, had been watching the habitual with special gaze because we were on the edge of something so horribly different. Even that hurricane of September 21—the worst ever recorded in its area—had come at the precise moment to suggest what wreckage could be like. Men wondered if they had been quite grateful enough for the accepted decencies of what Hobbes called "commodious living": a meal to eat, a clean shirt to wear, tobacco and books and privacy. It came to that man as important to put down a Time Capsule of his own. It is considerable only as a minute but representative symptom of a universal infection.

Fashions in Ideas

(*Continued from preceding page*)

moneyed and leisured neurotics. But it never would have taken hold, its favorite terms would never have found their way almost into common speech, unless there had been a recognition of something fresh and important in them. Fascism and communism are terms to bandy about; one may sometimes, in New York, think they are *boutonnières* rather than banners. One may long to be among Vermont farmers who have scarcely heard of them (though one may be sure that the summer residents will have). But fascism and communism are not less serious because they, in certain mouths, become chit-chat.

There is any amount of loose talk about tight and subtle doctrines, which are in their own right of the greatest importance: Neo-Thomism over the cocktails, surrealism over the cigarettes, relativity while floating on a rubber mattress in a mountain pool on an August week-end! Like everybody else interested in words and ideas, I have participated in such goings-on. But let it be remembered that while leisured men and women in the eighteenth century were talking in the salons or the formal gardens, they were but the babbling surface of a deeper ferment. I think that is what the anti-intellectuals suspect and fear. It is not the intellectuals they are inveighing against, or loose talk, or the passion for novelty, or the forgetfulness of old important ideas, or the lack of discipline or exactness or responsibility in so much that passes for intellectual conversation. They would not, I think, mind these things so much, for such faults they share and can sympathize with. But the anti-intellectual prejudice is a prejudice against genuine intellection, actual thought. The anti-intellectuals know, correctly, that if the talk goes on long enough, new and disquieting ideas may get about, and the security of the world they know, and have a private interest in preserving, may be destroyed—for the illusions by which it is maintained will be punctured. There would be even more prejudice against real thinking than against conversational play with ideas; the anti-intellectualism of every reactionary regime in Europe illustrates the point.

One can be amused or bored by the talkers, but, as the entrenched and the smug know, *thinking* is cause for alarm. One can smile at the Sophists, but nothing less than execution will do for Socrates. The entrenched know also that what starts as a fashion may turn out to be a creed or a system of life or of politics. Christianity for a time seemed a harmless fashion among the more socially exalted ladies of Rome, and ideas are dangerous when they become endeared to the rich and the polite.

The foregoing article, somewhat expanded, will constitute a chapter in Irwin Edman's book, "Philosopher's Holiday," soon to be published by the Viking Press.

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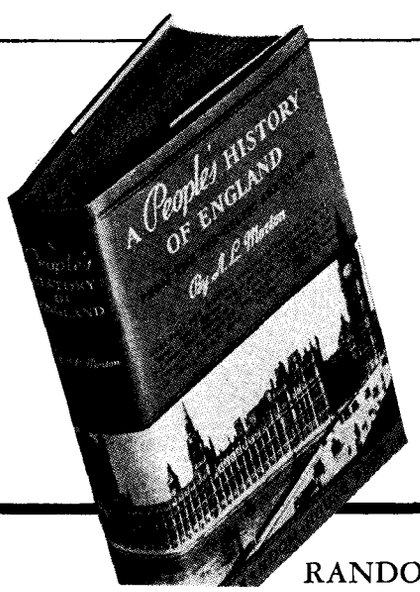

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A Reader's Almanac

(*Continued from page* 11)

"surveys" the course of literature through the centuries, from Homer to Hardy, with generous samples.

OCTOBER 25th

☞*Sucker's Progress* is Herbert Asbury's history of gambling and gambling joints in the U. S., just as entertaining as his previous tours of the tenderloin. ☞Philip Wylie's *An April Afternoon* is convincing drama, and Elizabeth Seifert's $10,000 prize *Young Doctor Galahad* plunges the surgeon of the title into enough recognizable Main Street meanness to earn its publishers that sum a couple of times over. ☞ *Diary of the French Revolution*, by Gouverneur Morris, published in entirety for the first time, is one for the library.

OCTOBER 26th

☞*The Five Sisters* by Dr. William E. Blatz—the psychologist in charge of the quintuplets' training, reports his observations. ☞*Andrew to the Lions*, by H. W. Freeman, reveals him as competent with light novels, too. The Italian adventures of an English schoolmaster, and their aftermath, are for anyone's amusement.

OCTOBER 27th

☞Geraldine Farrar's *Such Sweet Compulsion* differs somewhat from the usual singer's autobiography. ☞*To the Market Place*, by Berry Fleming—the author of *Siesta* demonstrates that career-bound youngsters in New York, or any others, cannot sever home ties completely. ☞*The Baker's Daughter*, by D. E. Stevenson—English romance for those who liked the *Miss Buncle* books. ☞*Three Harbours*—in which Van Wyck Mason, author of mystery thrillers, does a competent job with a historical novel of maritime aspects of the Revolutionary War.

OCTOBER 28th

☞Sven Hedin, than whom there is none better in his territory, tells the story of his survey in Western China for a road to connect with the East. It's *The Silk Road*. ☞*Touch'd with Madness* is the adventures or the autobiography (amounts to the same thing) of Hilton Howell Bailey, who found time to promote Byrd, Wilkins, Earhart, and Ellsworth among others. Mr. Bailey's style is fast. ☞*Life Class*, by Ludwig Bemelmans, is another volume of reminiscence, illustrated by the author. Bemelmans served his time as a waiter in some of the better and worse hostelries. It's a neat vantage point. ☞*The Gracie Allen Murder Case*, by S. S. Van Dine. Slated for the movies. ☞Charles G. Poore's biography of *Goya*, the product of many years' work, will come on this date. Illustrated, of course.

OCTOBER 31st

☞*The Noise of Their Wings* by MacKinlay Kantor—a long short in which the discovery of a pair of passenger pigeons lights the fuse of a melodrama. ☞*Perri* is another animal story by the author of well-remembered *Bambi*, Felix Salten. Gentle Salten is believed now to be the guest of Hitler in a concentration camp. ☞*The Journey of Tapiola*, by Robert Nathan, is a whimsical story about a publisher's terrier. Very short.

NOVEMBER 1st

☞Harry Emerson Wildes's *Valley Forge* is the first detailed story of the region and Washington's encampment in eighty years, so they say. ☞And, in *Young Longfellow*, which was originally titled *Yankee Romantic*, Lawrance Thompson shaves the patriarchal beard (or bard) to disclose an ambitious young Yank in a dither. ☞For amateur photogs, *U. S. Camera, 1939*, T. J. Maloney's best-selling collection.

NOVEMBER 2nd

☞*Adventures of America, 1857-1900* is a collection of illustrations with running text from the files of *Harper's Weekly*, published by guess who. ☞*F.O.B. Detroit* by Wessel Smitter asks of two or three cotterpins in the huge auto industry "Little Men, What Now?" It's a novel. ☞*The Valiant Woman* leads the publishers of Sheila Kaye-Smith to memories of *Joanna Godden* in the blurb.

NOVEMBER 3rd

☞André Malraux records candid shots of episodes in the savage Spanish fight. Brilliant, moving impressions to be published as *Man's Hope*. ☞Perhaps inspired by Clarence Day's life with his redoubtable Father, Bertha Damon has put between covers a grandmother whose opinions of twentieth century behavior were not lightly held—*Grandma Called It Carnal*.

NOVEMBER 4th

☞*Daniel Willard Rides the Line* is what Edward Hungerford calls his biographical job on the president of the B. & O. Railroad fans should go for it. ☞R. H. Bruce Lockhart's comments on the current European puzzle are tagged *Guns and Butter*. ☞*Nothing to Chance*, by Charles Plisnier, is the Goncourt Prize Novel in translation. ☞The *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1938* have been edited, as usual, by Harry Hansen. ☞Margaret Ayer Barnes's best-seller, *Wisdom's Gate*. Setting is that of *Years of Grace*—turmoil behind the neat fence of Chicago Gentility. ☞Major George F. Eliot, who is said to know about such things, will interest more than a handful in *The Ramparts We Watch*—the strategic problems of the defense of the U. S. A. ☞And, of course, not least is the Book-of-the-Month Club selection, Irwin Edman's *Philosopher's Holiday*. Surely one of the most engaging books of 1938.

NOVEMBER 7th

☞*As Once You Were*—a novel by the *If Winter Comes* man, A. S. M. Hutchinson, who tells about a middle-aged busi-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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"Its theme is the spinelessness, the chicanery and the downright dishonesty with which Britain has responded to the Italian drive for empire. Mr. Garratt has spent a good deal of time in Ethiopia and in Spain during both of Italy's imperialist wars—he regards them as nothing less—and is a keen student of British diplomacy."

☐ **MUSSOLINI'S ROMAN EMPIRE** *by Geoffrey T. Garratt*.$2.50

CHECK on this list now the books you want to read this Fall. Take it to your bookstore next time you go. And keep it as a handy reminder until you have enjoyed them all.

New York **THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY** Indianapolis

A Reader's Almanac

(*Continued from page* 30)

ness man's plan for rejuvenation. ☞*A Pearl in Every Oyster* is Frank Sullivan again agreeably on the loose.

NOVEMBER 9th

☞*To Remember at Midnight* is the title of Michael Foster's successor to his best-selling *American Dream*. ☞Also more of the same is Cornelia Otis Skinner's *Dithers and Jitters* for readers tickled by *Excuse It Please!*

NOVEMBER 10th

☞*Through the Fog of War* shows Captain Liddell Hart still evaluating the personalities and efficiency of the World War commanders. ☞*The Trouble with Tigers*. Now, the trouble with Saroyan—

NOVEMBER 11th

☞*It Is Later Than You Think*, warns Max Lerner of *The Nation*, crying the need for a militant democracy. ☞*Wolf among Wolves*—Hans Fallada puts another Little Man and his girl through the economic hell of Germany in the post-war inflation period. It's a long one.

NOVEMBER 12th

☞Ladislas Farago, the journalist, views *England in Crisis*, particularly as she presents herself through a more and more obviously controlled press.

NOVEMBER 14th

☞The latest of the American Guide Series covers *Minnesota*. ☞Philip Barry makes a story in *War in Heaven* about a group of variety performers several years ago, when vaudeville still breathed.

NOVEMBER 15th

☞*The Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers*—The poet and his wife selected pieces long and shorter for a 650-page edition with his own foreword. ☞*Murder at the New York World's Fair* by Freeman Dana is the first whodunit to take advantage of the ballyhoo. ☞Candidate for the most sensational book of the season is *Lords of the Press*, in which George Seldes contemplates the ownership and policies of the newspapers of the United States. ☞And we have William Allen White's *A Puritan in Babylon*, full-length biography of Calvin Coolidge.

NOVEMBER 17th

☞*Tales of a Wayward Inn* is the reminiscences of Frank Case of the Hotel Algonquin, the famous New York literary and theatrical showcase to which celebrities run with their best extemporaneous wisecracks.

NOVEMBER 18th

☞*Queen Victoria's Daughters*, by E. F. Benson, provides an extraordinary picture of a past Europe. Victoria's kids covered a continent. ☞*The Patrol Is Ended* by H. Oloff de Wet is the experiences of a flyer for Loyalist Spain

(*Continued on page* 36)

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A beautiful appreciation of the greatest musical interpreter the world has ever known... and of the masterpieces he has re-created

Toscanini AND GREAT MUSIC

by Lawrence Gilman

author of WAGNER'S OPERAS

THIS is not a biography of a man. It is "a book about Toscanini the priest of music, and about certain masterworks that he reveals". In a language as rich and clear as the noble music he discusses, Mr. Gilman tells us why Toscanini is a unique phenomenon today. This study of Toscanini's conducting bears witness to the author's thesis that the interpretation of great art is in itself great art. A large part of the book is devoted to the great composers and their symphonic masterpieces: Haydn; Beethoven and the *Eroica,* his *Fifth, Seventh* and *Ninth* symphonies; Schubert and his *C Major;* the four symphonies of Brahms; Debussy and his *La Mer;* Sibelius; Wagner; and others. Thus the book constitutes a series of introductions to some of the major works in the concert repertoire—works in the re-creating of which the genius of Toscanini is incomparably displayed. Publication of this book marks the beginning of the second series of Toscanini's Concert Broadcasts. $2.50

Samples from the book

● "I have tried in these pages to pay tribute to a great and singular musician who in all the half-century that he has been conducting orchestras has never looked upon a masterpiece of music without seeing it as though for the first time, and being penetrated and possessed anew by its greatness. I think it is one of the things that might be said of the supreme interpreter that he is a re-creative artist who has not wearied of wonders."

● "His conducting is almost an act of desperation. It is evident that Toscanini's inward ear is constantly echoing with a justness and purity of disembodied sound for which there are no wholly satisfying vehicles in this imperfect world of all-too-human players upon material instruments. Is it to be wondered at that such interpreters can never be quite happy? Living among rarefied, essential things, their patience is easily exhausted by intervening substances, media that are stubborn and obstructive. Their own world, ablaze with mysteriously lucid fires, is far more real than the known universe about them. In the midst of death they are in life."

● "As we listen to a page of Beethoven or Bach or Brahms or Wagner, music divinely strong and harmonious and controlled, we remember that the artist's ultimate function is to impose an ideal pattern of lucidity and significance upon the meaningless disorder of the world. We realize that Beauty is man's sublime retort to the chaos and the savagery of life."

● "No wonder the police were disturbed: three successive bursts of applause were the rule for the Imperial Family, and Beethoven, who was only a genius, got five."

FARRAR & RINEHART, 232 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

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Unfinished Portrait

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON: A Biography. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

EVER since Edwin Arlington Robinson died in early 1935, readers of his reticent yet revealing poetry have been awaiting his biography. Mr. Hagedorn has written it. It is almost four hundred pages long; it has a characteristic frontispiece; it is detailed, dutiful, and dull. In defense of the biographer it should be said that Robinson was not a particularly colorful subject, that he lived almost entirely in his work, and that he was so alert in evading emotional attachments and vivid intimacies that there are none to record. Mr. Hagedorn makes occasional attempts to display anonymous women who pay pilgrimages to the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, where Robinson was enshrined as "overlord," who declare their (unreciprocated) love for the poet, and who weep over his memory. But they are a shadowy and unconvincing few; they are fragments (or figments) of standard literature; they never come to life. The writing itself is another disappointment. The biographer attempts to compensate for his prevailing pedestrian style by fashioning sporadic bits of "pretty" prose, sticky paragraphs which the subject himself would have found not only incongruous but insufferable. For example: "The next hour was the children's, when he would romp with them, take them pickaback, toss them, and feel the fierce possessiveness of little arms. With a light in his eyes like a star in a well, he would play the fiddle for them."

But it is neither the dull detailing nor the unfortunate style which makes this account so unsatisfactory. It is the lack of vital substance, the failure to record, let alone reconcile, the contradictions of Robinson's mood and character, of fact and interpretation, of—in short—any sort of synthesis. Mr. Hagedorn gives us practically nothing to indicate Robinson's special significance as a poet, as a social force, as a contemporary influence. There is little, if anything, about Robinson's relations with his fellow-poets; a half-page is devoted to a meeting between Robinson and Frost, but nothing the biographer has to say in all his pages is half as compelling as the brief foreword Frost furnished for Robinson's posthumous "King Jasper," a human and interpretive document which Hagedorn never mentions. Tributes from Vachel Lindsay and Sara Teasdale are set down, but absolutely nothing can be found concerning the curious evenings spent in their company when drink was Robinson's weakness and prohibition was Lindsay's. The poet's combination of evasiveness and candor is suggested; but his personality never really emerges; there is more of it in Rollo Walter Brown's offhand pamphlet, "Next Door to a Poet." The early backgrounds, the "subway period," and the rescue by Roosevelt the First are well documented; but the later phases in New York and the MacDowell colony are thinly drawn. Much might have been made of the absurdly grim billiard games, the dry verbal interchanges, and mixed sessions with such participants as Dubose Heyward, Maxwell Bodenheim, William Rose Benét, and Elinor Wylie, none of whom are even listed in the index.

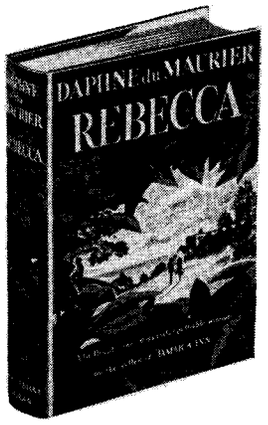
Some day a biographer will explore the depths beneath Robinson's deceptive surfaces, the intensity under the detachment, the anxiety manifest in the overconcern with his own work. Such a book will explain the reasons back of his distrust of most men and his fear of almost all women, the causes of his limitations, and the desperate sublimation of the laconic, lonely man, a man obsessed by failure and in love with death. Unfortunately, this is not the book.

Louis Untermeyer's latest book is "Play in Poetry."

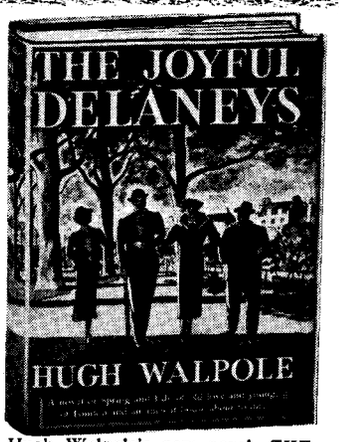
HOLT. HOLT. HOLT.

Important Fall Books

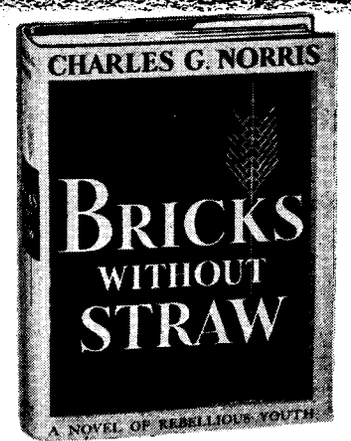
NOVELS



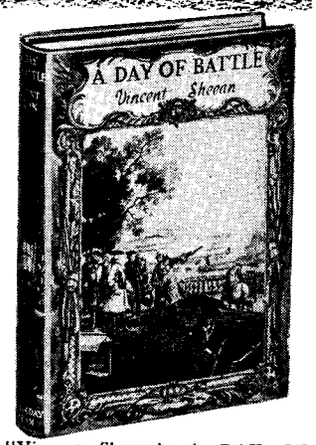
"No seeker after a good story should be willing to miss it," says *Herald-Tribune Books* of Daphne du Maurier's dramatic new novel of an unforgettable woman, **REBECCA.** $2.75



Hugh Walpole's new novel, **THE JOYFUL DELANEYS,** "is an intelligent and happy book—thoroughly readable and thoroughly likeable." —*Times Book Review.* $2.50

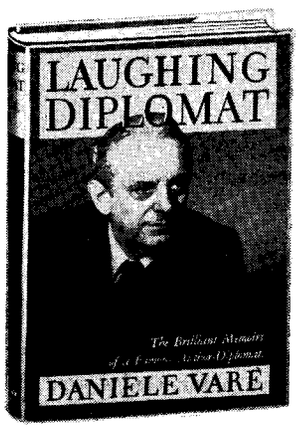


"Perhaps his most readable novel to date," says the San Francisco *Chronicle* of Charles G. Norris' **BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW** — an understanding novel of rebellious youth. $2.50

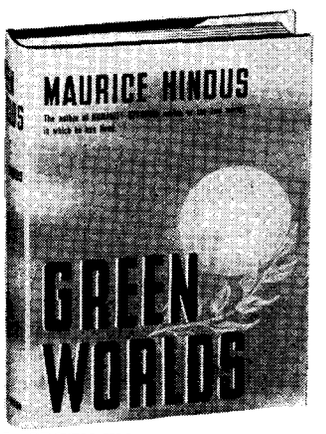


"Vincent Sheean's **A DAY OF BATTLE** has a vibrant beauty, deep and unforced . . . a living book in the full and many-sided meaning of that word."—*Times Book Review.* Wrapper by Rex Whistler. $2.50

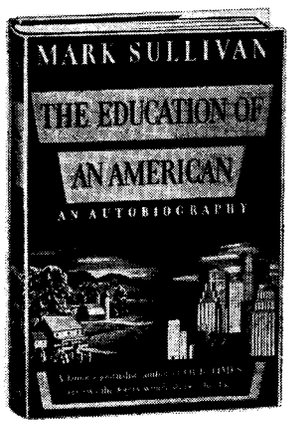
BOOKS OF GENERAL INTEREST



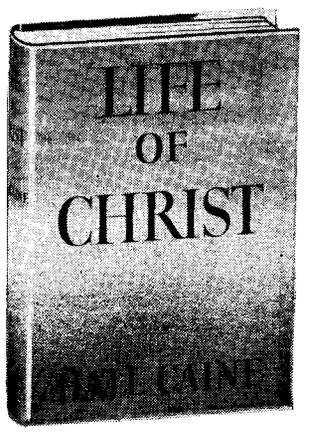
The author of *The Maker of Heavenly Trousers* has written his memoirs with characteristic flashes of humor and occasional excursions into *le pays du tendre.* To be published October 21st. $3.00



In **GREEN WORLDS** Maurice Hindus writes of the two worlds in which he has lived. " . . . in some respects Mr. Hindus' best book, which is a lot to say."—says John Gunther, *Saturday Review.* $3.00



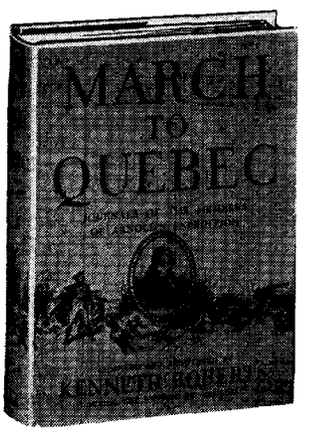
Mark Sullivan, famous American journalist and author of *Our Times,* reveals the colorful pageant of his life—humorous, personal, charming —a vital picture of America. To be published November 18. $3.50



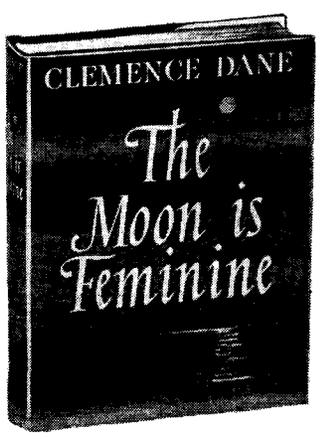
"This is a colossal book . . . of absorbing interest and unique value." —John Haynes Holmes in *Herald-Tribune Books.* Hall Caine's monumental **LIFE OF CHRIST.** 1310 pages, $3.50

BOOKS OF LITERARY IMPORTANCE

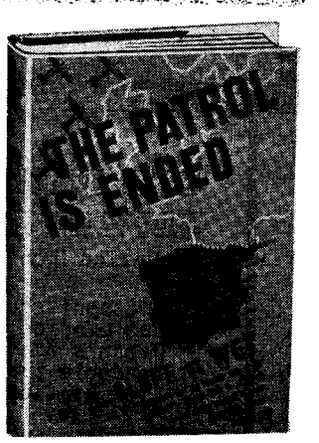
Frances Winwar's **FAREWELL THE BANNER** is "an intensely human story of frustrated greatness . . . She also has written the best portrait sketch done of Dorothy Wordsworth."—Henry Seidel Canby. $3.50



In **MARCH TO QUEBEC,** Kenneth Roberts gives the reader history in the raw—the source material which formed so colorful a background for *Arundel* — the terrible, magnificent march of Arnold's troops to Quebec. $4.00



"If ever a book had personality—one might even call it hypnotic personality — this one has." — *Times Book Review.* Clemence Dane's haunting tale of two young lovers of Regency Brighton. $2.50



THE PATROL IS ENDED is an amazing experience in reading, a book that reveals with compelling beauty a young Englishman's reaction to war as a *spiritual* adventure. To be published November 18. $2.75

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A Novel of the South Today

By

JULIAN R. MEADE

Author of I LIVE IN VIRGINIA and ADAM'S PROFESSION

A story of the Back-Door people of the South—whose lives are circumscribed by the influence of those they serve—who ask so little—and rarely get even that.

"A fine skilfully done and human picture. Objective, intelligent, full of compassion, sympathy and understanding."
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The Back Door $2.50

BROWN HILLS

By Judy Van der Veer, author of "The River Pasture." The N.Y. Times describes this quiet story about things like horned toads, dry grasses, cattle, horses and country folk as "rare, and lovely; open eyed, unstrained and exquisite." Illustrated $2.00

NIGHTINGALE WOOD

By Stella Gibbons. A sly, Austenish satire by the author of "Cold Comfort Farm," who sees life as a vast comedy. Second Printing. $2.50

THE SONG OF ROLAND

A beautiful prose translation by Merriam Sherwood of the famous old French poem. "Superb. Gives a thoroughly satisfactory feeling of reading the source."—May Lamberton Becker. Illustrated. $2.00

THE PAGEANT OF JAPANESE HISTORY

by Marion May Dilts

"Without sacrificing scholarly accuracy, she has managed to set down the central facts of Japan's historical development in easy and readable terms. Lavish selection of excellent illustrations."—Saturday Review of Literature $3.00

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY
114 Fifth Avenue, New York • 215 Victoria St., Toronto

A Reader's Almanac

(Continued from page 32)

whose book is likely to become the first best-seller from the Spanish war. ☞*The Education of an American*—Mark Sullivan remembers the old days and the new. ☞Louis Paul's *The Wrong World* is the story of a musical prodigy who turned his back on concert halls to Live Life. ☞*The Family of the Barrett*—Jeannette Marks tends to blast the recently popularized Wimpole Street legend.

NOVEMBER 21st

☞Still ploughing his field of ancient history, Robert Graves has written the story of *Count Belisarius*, the most brilliant commander of his era who conquered the Mediterranean world for his emperor and was rewarded with continuous humiliation and jealousy. He set an all-time high for patience. Job had only a few boils; Belisarius had Justinian. ☞*Heroes of Thought* is John Middleton Murry considering the big brains of the centuries. ☞And in *Burro Alley*, Edwin Corle offers a novel about the native section of a Southwestern desert resort town.

NOVEMBER 23rd

☞*Chateaubriand* by André Maurois—his first full-length biography since *Disraeli*. ☞*This Is Living* has been described by the publishers as "A View of Nature with Photographs." The pictures were selected by Gordon Aymar and the text is by the popular nature-viewer, Donald Culross Peattie.

NOVEMBER 28th

☞For December distribution the Book-of-the-Month Club has pounced upon Antonina Vallentin's large labor of love for *Leonardo* (da Vinci), who aspired to all-encompassing knowledge and came close. This is one you'll be reading. ☞Max (Waterfront) Miller this day publishes his novel in which *A Stranger Came to Port*, a business man who was not so tired as tired of it all. So he undertook to do something unorthodox and satisfying.

NOVEMBER (dates uncertain)

☞*The Wonder of Words* is the title chosen for the late Dr. Isaac Goldberg's story of communication in which he conveys his enthusiasm for the subject. ☞Robert Briffault observes and reports, with a beautiful title sense, *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire*. ☞Then, some time during November, Mr. Robert Rhea will explain *Dow's Theory Applied to Business and Banking*. Possibly readers may learn how to snare enough to buy a couple of books.

DECEMBER

As far as is known now, except for surprise packages and unforeseen but inevitable postponements, the holiday month will find publishers' sales, shipping, and advertising departments plugging already published titles while editors turn, hopefully as ever, to 1939.

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An Engrossing Novel of a Courageous Woman

in some of the most dramatic settings of America's past:

- MISSOURI in Civil War days
- PANAMA when there was no Canal
- CLIPPER SHIP to California
- SAN FRANCISCO in its rococo flamboyance
- THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY, sunny and fruitful

and finally

- THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY, a desert that pioneer farmers fought and conquered

by MAY MERRILL MILLER

FIRST THE BLADE

Round one of the epics of American pioneering—the conquest of the San Joaquin Valley in California—Mrs. Miller has woven this heroic novel of a woman who came from a comfortable Eastern home into a desert, and of the settlers' long struggle against a rugged land and against the power of San Francisco's railroad barons. "It has caught the atmosphere of a certain period in California history, I believe, more faithfully than any work of fiction I have read. It seems to me beautiful, sincere, and penetrating."—*R. L. Duffus.* 631 pages. $3.00

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DEATH OF A WORLD

This is the seventh volume in *Men of Good Will,* "the historical novel at its best, in that it illuminates not only the past but the present, and not only history but life.... In the latest volume, where the shadow of the war is dominating all the characters, the unity of the novel is finally revealed."—*George Stevens, Saturday Review of Literature.* 551 pages. $3.00

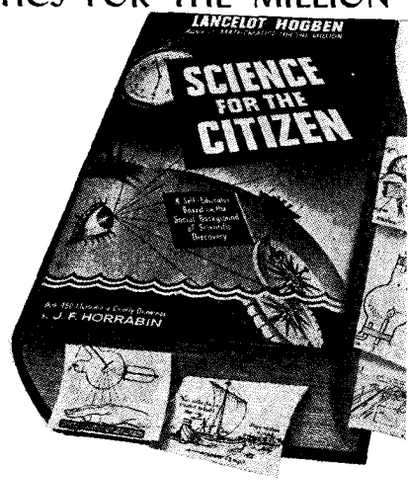
The Book Bargain of the Fall

SCIENCE FOR THE CITIZEN

A Self-Educator Based on the Social Background of Scientific Discovery

by LANCELOT HOGBEN, *Author of* "MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION"

This is the master-work of the author of *Mathematics for the Million*—at once a history of science, an encyclopedia of its most up-to-date findings, and a statement of what science could accomplish for human betterment if put to work for the many instead of the few. With 480 graphic illustrations, mostly by J. F. Horrabin.



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"Here the vast field of science and what it means to man is arranged in a dynamic pattern that should be wholly understandable to almost everyone. . . . It is, in truth, a prodigious book."
—*Charles Poore, N. Y. Times.*

"Good to skim, better to read, best to study; and almost indispensable for the book-shelf. It should leap into the 'must' category at once."—*John Ely Burchard, Director Bemis Foundation, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.*

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John Wilkes Booth

THE UNLOCKED BOOK. A Memoir of John Wilkes Booth. By his Sister Asia Booth Clarke. With a Foreword by Eleanor Farjeon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS curious, pathetic, bitter little memoir of Lincoln's assassin, only a hundred pages all told, was written in 1874. At that date publication was out of the question. Wilkes's gifted brother Edwin and his brother-in-law John Clarke, who had married Asia, were trying to forget that he had ever lived. They had destroyed his portraits, burned his letters, forbidden his name to be spoken in their family circles. Had Asia's anguished tribute of affection been discovered by her brother or husband, it would have gone instantly into the flames. She kept it locked away until, before her death in England in 1888, she conveyed it to B. L. Farjeon, who had married Joseph Jefferson's daughter; and now Miss Farjeon gives it to the world. With it she has bound up some interesting collateral material: family portraits, newspaper clippings on Wilkes, some letters of the Booths, and best of all, a chapter on their Belair, Md., home from Asia's one previous book, that study of "The Elder and the Younger Booth" (Junius Brutus and Edwin) which she published in 1882.

The memoir of John Wilkes Booth was written with a tortured pen. Asia passionately loved the brother so near her own age, so close to her in their proud but impoverished Maryland childhood, so intimately akin to her in a stormy, poetical temperament. They had the same taste for music, for rhetorical poetry, for declamation, and for outdoor adventure. They sang together; she held the book while he spouted "Julius Caesar" and other tragedies; they rode with fearless energy over the countryside. She was aware that not only did Edwin possess greater gifts, but he had a better tuition; for while the romantic South applauded the dashing Wilkes and praised even his faults, Northern audiences made Edwin meet stern and judicious standards. Wilkes played almost exclusively in the South, and even before 1861 she distrusted the intense attachment he had formed for that section.

It is useless to look in Asia's wryly affectionate pages for a key to the tragedy that ended Wilkes's ill-governed career. She does relate a few ancedotes to illustrate the depth of his devotion to the Confederate cause. She emphasizes the fact that he apparently felt a genuine fear that Lincoln would make himself dictator. She tells us that he used his histrionic fame, enabling him to pass somewhat freely between the sections, to smuggle medicines into the South. Sometimes he came to her house in Philadelphia to sleep in his clothes and riding boots on the couch, and hold mysterious interviews with strange men calling at late hours. Once he said, "Let me show you the cipher," and when she understood what he meant, she wisely repulsed the suggestion. Her chief contribution to history is in setting down her conviction that he perpetrated his awful deed in full sanity, and from a heartfelt conviction that the South would profit by it. "If Wilkes Booth was mad, his mind lost its balance between the fall of Richmond and the terrific end"—but she does not believe he was mad. On this point the attentive reader may find something pertinent in Miss Farjeon's introduction, where she describes the insanity which recurrently visited Junius Brutus Booth; and in one of the newspaper clippings, where a schoolmate told how Wilkes in his teens talked of making himself immortal by devising some mighty catastrophe. Yet Asia's picture of her brother is that of a youth of normal mind though a very unusual and erratic temperament.

It is an interesting book, though thinner and less important than one might expect. Those who think Wilkes Booth too repugnant a figure may find something profitable in the pages that deal with his father and brother, two indisputable luminaries in the history of the American stage.

Tops in mystery!
"Towers high above the ordinary mystery story."—New York Times Book Review. "Albert Campion, criminologist, in excelsis!"—The Saturday Review. Don't miss this brilliant detective novel by the author of Flowers for the Judge.
$2.00, DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
THE FASHION IN Shrouds
by MARGERY ALLINGHAM

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 13)

possibility of seeing Derwentwater and Skiddaw from Dove Cottage. Secondly, we know that Coleridge had a malformed body, because his daughter, eleven days after his death, wrote to her brother: "He had made a solemn injunction on Mr. Gillman that his body should be opened—which was accordingly done by Mr. Taylor and another able young surgeon—his friends, of course, declining such a trial themselves. Henry has their accurate report. There was more than a pint of water in the chest, and the heart and liver were enlarged. But nothing was observed which could be ascribed to laudanum." This letter was published for the first time by Professor Earl Leslie Griggs in his "Unpublished Letters of S. T. Coleridge," and again, 1934, in the volume, "Coleridge: Studies by Several Hands." Thirdly, Miss Winwar insists that Coleridge's life at Cambridge was "no exception to the general low level of the times," and finds what she calls "overabundance of proof in Coleridge's self-accusing letters." But a morbid and extremely tiresome strain of self-accusation runs through almost his entire correspondence. His faults and misfortunes and failures are the themes of many of his less well-known poems.

My chief objection to Miss Winwar's book is its charge that "Wordsworth killed Coleridge as a poet." Not all his discouragements ever killed the poet in him; and it is cruelly unfair to blame his most faithful friends, best comforters, and honest advisers for such decline as there was. In my book of essays, "Spirit of Delight," I tried to show that the divine fire never wholly died in him and that many of his Conversation Poems, which I for my part enjoy as much as I enjoy his three famous Mystery Poems, were inspired by communion with William and Dorothy Wordsworth.

Finally, if Miss Winwar considers it good English to write "quipped Lamb" [p. 135], "conundrumized," "he postscripted his note," and such phrases as "he requested that it be done," I can only say "Let us resist."

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

Princeton, N. J.

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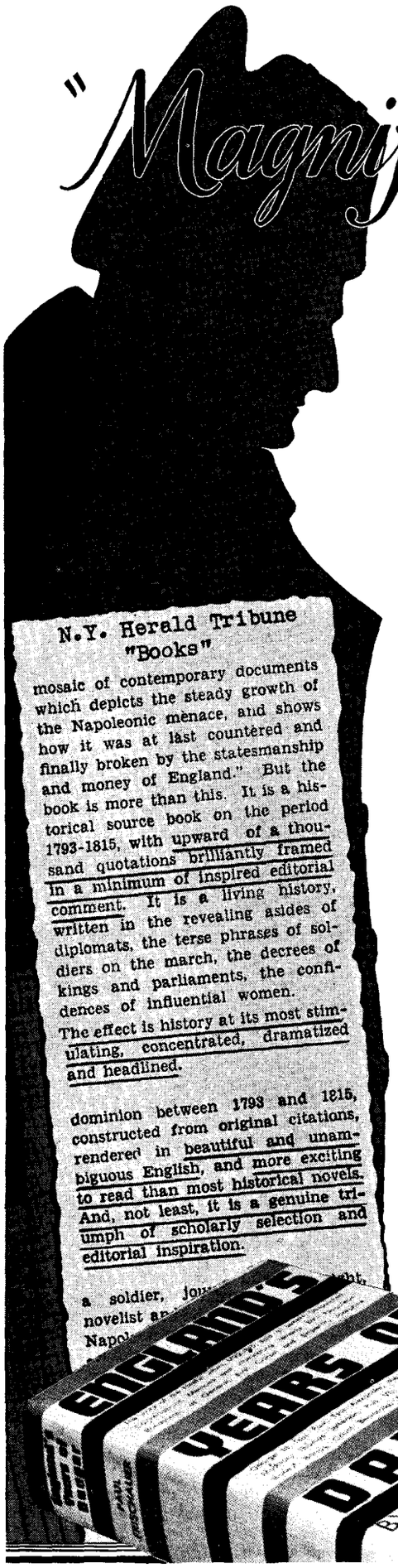
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"Books"
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The New Books

Biography

THE ENIGMATIC CZAR. By Maurice Paléologue. Harpers. 1938. $3.50.

Alexander I is presented as a manic-depressive lunatic in this slick, delicately balanced biography by a diplomat whose range of interest allows him to describe the Sardinian ambassador's *bon mot* about the Czar's reaction to the Continental System, but not to tell what the Continental System was. In spite of the title the Czar does not appear as much of an enigma; and the spotlight is so thrown that the Congress of Vienna becomes a greater event than the downfall of the Napoleonic Empire it was called to confirm. Military history exists only in the penumbra of M. Paléologue's consciousness; financial-economic history does not exist for him at all.

This gives "The Enigmatic Czar" an air faintly unreal in a world that has heard of the two Stracheys and Sigmund Freud, but the book need not be disparaged for that reason. When deductions have been made for the fact that the subject is approached from the nineteenth century, there remains an excellent piece of writing. M. Paléologue's sense of proportion is just, his knowledge of character accurate; he can be subtle without obscurity and forceful without repetition. He does not hesitate to omit all reference to the unimportant young person Alexander must have been before he reached the throne; the curtain rises on his father's murder, with the young man ready to become a figure in world history instead of a figure in a drawing-room. Nor does M. Paléologue balk at deciding contrary to common opinion with regard to the mysterious circumstances surrounding Alexander's death. (There is a strong possibility he faked it and went into a monastery.)

Both the last two items are considerable literary achievements. The first involves setting a stage and peopling it with characters while battle, murder, and sudden death are going on just behind the footlights; the latter investigating a vast amount of half-supported rumor without becoming credulous or impatient of others' credulity. And as long as Alexander is so thoroughly explained through character, it is perhaps asking too much to request an explanation through circumstances.

F. P.

Fiction

THE JOYFUL DELANEYS. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran. 1938. $2.50.

The joyful Delaneys are an Anglo-Irish family who live in a beautiful old house in London, a house where a William and Mary clock has been on an Adam fireplace "for nearly two hundred years." (Interior decorators take notice—this must have been the first fireplace the brothers Adam built.) And the Delaneys are not only joyful but charming, with a charm that is no more to be overlooked than chypre in a movie theatre. Their adored house is threatened by the onward march of progress and the Delaneys' lack of funds, which they bear cheerfully and mitigate by taking in quaint types as boarders. In spite of all temptations from building contractors and other unworthy modernizers, they manage to hang on to the beautiful house for another year —the book runs from one New Year's Day to the next—and as the cast is singing Auld Lang Syne at the end, it appears that it is safe forever, as a museum.

The novel is rich in minor characters. As a matter of fact, all its characters are minor, in spite of their joyfulness. There is a little story for most of them, episodes of pathos, romance, and humor of the smiling-with-a-catch-in-your-throat variety. When it is all over, England is England still, and her people, bless them, are gallantly and persistently English.

Mr. Walpole's dispensation here is sweetness and light, very light, reading. This kind of thing would be more pardonable in an author of smaller calibre, but it is hard to understand why a genuine story-teller of Mr. Walpole's quality should have felt impelled to confect this gooseberry fool of a book. Its reading will bring pleasure only to those who are able to forget that this is the man who wrote, once on a time, "Fortitude," "The Dark Forest," and "The Young Enchanted."

W. S.

TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL. By A. B. Shiffrin. Little, Brown. 1938. $2.50.

This novel of public school life in Brooklyn unfortunately carries very little conviction. In this day and age when traveling during the summer vacation is almost a requirement in the teaching profession, it is very difficult to believe that any married principal would imagine that he could travel to, from, and in Europe with an attractive young teacher and have no one discover the fact. And yet Mr. Shiffrin's story hangs by that precarious thread.

Old devices are very much to the fore. The two sisters form perfect foils for each other. The older one is beautiful, aloof, and all of good intent; the younger one is also beautiful but vain, frivolous, and selfish. The story is told by one of the pupils of the school, and to get the material for the narrative he has to make himself such a constant Peeping Tom that an unpleasant and almost morbid atmosphere pervades the book.

Mr. Shiffrin is at his best when writing simpler, more Dickensian, passages. His earlier "Mr. Pirate" had a pleasant, meandering quality that was much more effective than the forced eventfulness of the present novel.

G. G.

THE OLD PARISH. By Doran Hurley. Longmans, Green. 1938. $2.

For Hard-shell and Shouting New Englanders, the Irish are still immigrants. Though countless Irish have been here well over a century; though they have fought bravely in all American wars; though their conservatism matches Yankee stability, yet they are still regarded with as much hostility as if they had come yesterday. Curiously enough, too, this hostility is strongest among the descendants of those very mill-owners who once encouraged them to come, and exploited their labor for large, quick profits. Vulgar, ignorant, and corrupt, the coupon-cutting caste calls them; yet it is Irish strength and success, not Irish vices, which are the real outrage. It is precisely because they are the most energetic, most politically active, most nearly assimilated of the non-Yankee groups that they seem the greatest menace to those Yankees who expect to continue ruling by a sort of divine right now that all their other reasons for domination are so rapidly vanishing.

The mill-owners' picture has been the one most often presented: this collection of gently humorous stories laid in an imaginary mill town suggesting Fall River shows the Irish picture. The best character is "The Pope's Johnny Sulli-

(*Continued on page 42*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CORPSE WITH THE GRIMY GLOVE *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	"City shark" slain on English coastal estate. Mr. Tolefree, invited before crime by apprehensive lady, untangles strange vendetta.	Double-barrelled plot—which almost gets out of hand—enlivened by sniping, nocturnal skulduggery, and usual keen Tolefree deductions.	Satisfying
DEATH IN FIVE BOXES *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	London diners—three doped, one dead—find selves enmeshed in fantastic and terrible coil before Sir H. Merrivale yanks in perpetrator.	Pasts of characters—undeniably interesting—rise and smite them—but smite credibility of story too, which many readers won't mind.	Acceptable
THE GOLDEN GOOSE MURDERS *Allan McRoyd* (Greystone: $2.)	Poor fiancé of rich divorcée chucked through window of N. Y. apt. Divorcée's companion slain later. Insp. Brady obliges.	Nice problems advanced in both cases and story starts in workmanlike fashion—but runs a little thin before the conclusion.	Average

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—*New York Times*

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—*Dallas Morning News*

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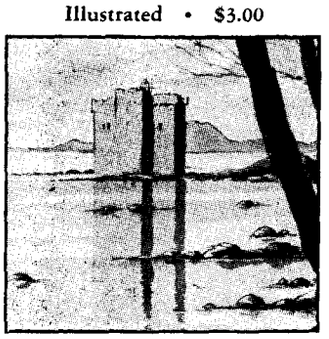

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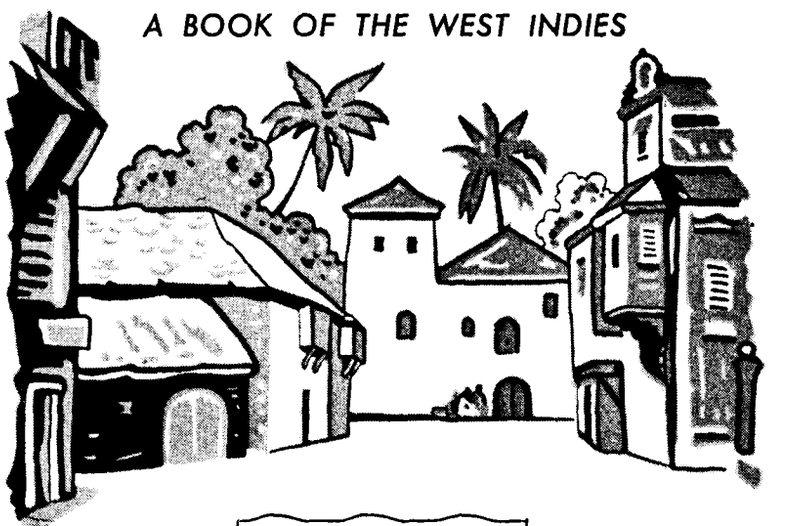

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For Saturday Review Readers

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"Effortless beauty . . ."

"John Vandercook has not written *Caribbee Cruise* as a history, still less as a survey of social or economic conditions, past or present; he has written it as a travel book. Much of the book's distinction, a great deal of the reader's enjoyment, lies in the genuine, effortless beauty of description which pays its tribute to the magic of these lands. And the prospective traveler will even find useful information for his own Southern trip.

"Genuinely interesting . . ."

"There is not one of these islands on which John Vandercook has not found some personal character, some definite flavor of its own. A book so beautiful and genuinely interesting must be the product of the mind's saturation in its theme, as well as of taste, knowledge, and selection; it must even to some extent be subjective, yet its subjective quality is always the personal appreciation of scene and background and other men's lives.

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"*Caribbee Cruise* is a book with character, and a rich savor. It is touched with drama, warmed with the unfailing sense of humanity, drenched in the beauty of the islands' scene; sometimes quiet cadences will break into sharp irony, or a tragic story will rise to a shuddering climax. This is a book which will be enjoyed anew, I think, when other books on the West Indies are dusty and forgotten: more than any that I have read, it brings the islands to life."

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— Harry Hansen in the *New York World Telegram*

"A careful account of the manner in which civilization is still being preserved — odd, isn't it? — in a few northern European countries."— Clifton Fadiman in the *New Yorker*.

Illustrated $2.50

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New Haven, Connecticut

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 40)

van," the local Paul Bunyan. Johnny fought the Civil War almost single-handed; he gave Lincoln the idea for the Gettysburg speech; and finding Millington tame after the war, he went to Rome and became Pio Nono's best friend.

Mr. Hurley writes with a touching modesty, and presents an agreeable and entertaining picture of a pleasant group of warm-hearted, quick-tempered, generous, loyal, credulous, and shrewd people. Unfortunately, however, "The Old Parish" never ceases to be parochial.

K. S.

International

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON THE U.S.S.R. By André Gide. Dial Press. 1938. $1.50.

In April 1933 the American communist magazine, *New Masses,* wrote of André Gide: "Nothing is so odious to him as the lie. He would not resort to mendacity even if he could 'prove' what was most dear to him." Four years later "liar" was the mildest of the foul names heaped upon the French writer by the same magazine and by all other communist publications throughout the world. In the interim M. Gide had carried his abstract enthusiasm for Stalin's land to Russia and emerged to record his disenchantment in a brochure, "Return from the U.S.S.R."

"Afterthoughts on the U.S.S.R." is his reply to the attacks, and is in effect an amplification and more detailed justification of the views he recorded in the other book. It does not take its tone from the bitter calumny to which he has been subjected. Rather, it is suffused with a great sadness over the fanatic blindness of communist apologists.

Since his return from Russia, M. Gide has dug more deeply into the literature about Russia and has been confirmed in his personal impressions. Moreover, having freed himself from the shackles of his former emotional partisanship, he is better able to understand what he saw and what he has since then learned. This book is a little masterpiece of exposition. He is aware that he can expect only more mud-throwing from the Stalinist faithful, but even more certain that honest minds will not dismiss his views lightly.

An Appendix, nearly as large as the main exposition, gives fascinating citations from the diary he kept while in Russia, various letters on the controversy, and indications that his French companions on the journey, though there were communists among them, shared his disillusionment and despair.

E. L.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 237)

GOLDSMITH—
"CITIZEN OF THE WORLD"

The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention . . . and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers. . . . Yet where is the magnanimity of bearing misfortunes when the whole world is looking on?

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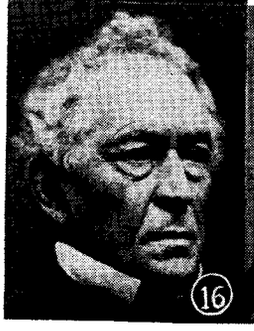

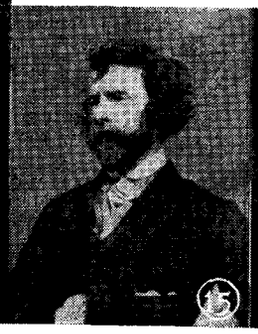

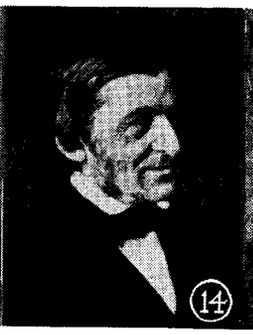

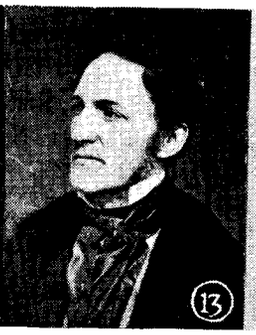

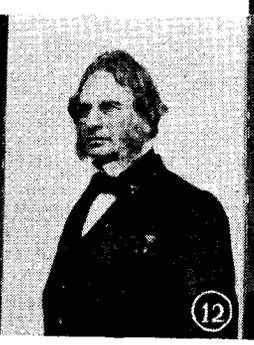

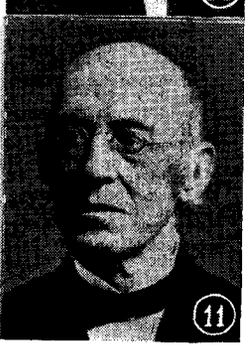

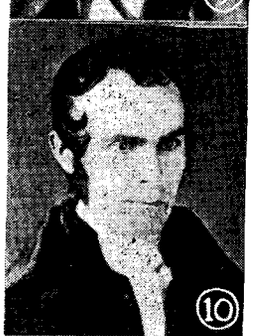

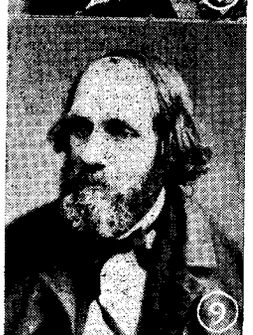

Can You Name . . .?

THESE AMERICAN AUTHORS

(1) Emerson called him a tedious archangel.

(2) Lincoln read his works in cabinet meeting.

(3) He killed little birds—and made them live.

(4) Pleasureable reading excited in him "the most painful sensations."

(5) He wrote a poem to save a ship.

(6) Bachelorhood brought him fame—then he married and had twelve children.

(7) He ran for President.

(8) She ran for President.

(9) His hero lost his nationality.

(10) Deaf and color-blind, he sang of nature.

(11) Georgia offered $5,000 for him.

(12) The failing Emerson said at his bier, "This gentleman was a sweet, beautiful soul, but I have entirely forgotten his name."

(13) He wrote of countries he never saw.

(14) Thoreau asked why he wasn't in jail.

(15) He was the Winchell of his age.

(16) His brother's vote defeated him for governor.

(17) He became America's largest author.

(18) She honeymooned at an anti-slavery conference.

(19) He was the Halliburton of his day.

(20) She stirred the embers of dead Byron's scandal.

(Answers on Page 44)

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ANSWERS TO "CAN YOU NAME THESE AMERICAN AUTHORS"— PAGE 43

(1) A. Bronson Alcott; (2) "Artemus Ward" (Charles Farrar Browne); (3) J. J. Audubon; (4) "Peter Parley" (Samuel Griswold Goodrich); (5) Oliver Wendell Holmes; (6) "Ik Marvel" (Donald Grant Mitchell); (7) Horace Greeley; (8) Victoria C. Woodhull; (9) Edward Everett Hale; (10) John Greenleaf Whittier; (11) William Lloyd Garrison; (12) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; (13) William Hickling Prescott; (14) Ralph Waldo Emerson; (15) Nathaniel Parker Willis; (16) Edward Everett; (17) John Fiske; (18) Elizabeth Cady Stanton; (19) Bayard Taylor; (20) Harriet Beecher Stowe.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1938.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, George Stevens, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; George Stevens, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

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			1-A		2-K	3-G	4-U		5-E	6-S		7-U	8-M	9-U	10-R	
11-W	12-P	13-T	14-O	15-X		16-D	17-H		18-J	19-E	20-N	21-B	22-T	23-D		24-I
	25-B	26-P	27-I		28-R	29-J		30-D	31-A	32-E	33-P	34-F	35-O	36-L	37-Y	
38-I	39-R		40-C	41-V	42-E	43-F	44-S		45-C	46-L	47-F	48-R	49-X	50-I	51-O	52-Q
	53-U	54-S	55-G	56-P		57-G	58-J		59-P	60-R	61-A		62-Y	63-J	64-K	65-F
66-S	67-O	68-U	69-X		70-W	71-D	72-A	73-U	74-F		75-B	76-E		77-L	78-K	79-Q
80-O	81-F	82-S	83-M	84-V	85-E		86-U	87-D	88-E		89-G	90-I	91-V	92-H		93-T
94-Q	95-A	96-S		97-L	98-T	99-O	100-K	101-J	102-X	103-E	104-I	105-V	106-M	107-S	108-Q	109-P
	110-X	111-S	112-Q	113-D	114-E	115-T	116-O	117-P	118-C	119-A		120-R	121-H		122-L	123-M
124-U	125-Q	126-I		127-A	128-J		129-S	130-N	131-T	132-E	133-F	134-O		135-I	136-U	137-D
	138-W	139-T	140-S	141-B	142-F	143-M	144-K	145-C	146-R	147-N	148-O		149-M	150-V	151-H	152-R
	153-K	154-A	155-H	156-V	157-R	158-X	159-L		160-W	161-G	162-Y	163-Q	164-T	165-N	166-C	
167-J	168-U	169-Y		170-V	171-F	172-S	173-H	174-C		175-G	176-J	177-B	178-S	179-P	180-R	181-K
182-T		183-W	184-G	185-V	186-O	187-Q										

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 42 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Scaly.

B. Portrait in wax (Rom. antiq.).

C. Thoroughly objectionable person (sl.).

D. Mighty King of the peris (Persian myth.).

E. Slow, behind the times (comp.).

F. Easily disgusted or offended.

G. Area of hardwood vegetation (Fla.).

H. Arctoid.

I. Absolute deafness.

J. The sweepings; rubbish.

K. To issue forth from a source.

L. Opened wide.

M. Not at all.

N. British social reformer (1771-1858).

O. Quality of being petty.

P. To stray, digress.

Q. Emaciated person or animal.

R. Composer of "La Gioconda."

S. Subsequent reflection.

T. In a "magnificent" way (sl.).

U. Illiberality.

V. To spruce up.

W. Coffee container of a percolator.

X. To irritate, sting.

Y. Unyielding courage.

WORDS

95 154 31 1 72 127 119 61

177 25 21 141 75

174 40 166 145 118 45

30 71 113 23 87 16 137

5 19 32 76 88 103 85 132 114 42

47 81 133 43 65 34 142 74 171

89 3 161 55 57 175 184

155 151 17 173 121 92

24 27 135 50 104 126 38 90

63 101 29 58 176 18 128 167

153 2 181 78 144 100 64

159 77 122 36 46 97

143 123 149 83 106 8

147 20 130 165

116 80 14 51 186 67 148 35 134 99

109 179 117 26 33 12 59 56

52 125 108 187 112 79 94 163

48 28 39 180 60 120 152 157 10 146

140 6 66 172 44 96 107 54 82 129 111 178

98 93 139 115 131 13 164 182 22

136 9 124 7 168 86 4 73 68 53

84 185 41 105 91 156 170 150

138 70 183 160 11

102 49 110 69 158 15

62 169 162 37

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

TO any parent *The Five Sisters* by Dr. William E. Blatz (professor of child psychology, University of Toronto) will be a find. (Morrow, October 26, $2.50). ☞It is a study of the Dionne quins, describing their training and behavior in the first 3½ years, with enchanting photos and many graphs and tabulations. The comparative scores of the five children in "social responses," "emotional episodes," etc., are amusing and instructive. ☞The future of these fortunate-unfortunate babes seems to us as complicated as that of world peace, but when grown they will surely get many a smile of astonishment at this scientific record of their infancy. ☞We learn from an English publisher's catalogue that T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* is now published in a school edition: it has been set for school examinations in 1939.

☞This month the Catholic Book Club celebrates its 10th anniversary. (We are a little puzzled by its statement that ten years ago "Catholic literature in America was practically non-existent." Surely that far-reaching and mystical faith has always stood high in literary and devotional expression?) ☞During this period the Club has sent some 225,000 volumes to its members all over the world. Among the 126 books chosen by the Club the following authors are numbered: Chesterton, Belloc, Sigrid Undset, Willa Cather, Sir Philip Gibbs, Abbé Dimnet, Jacques Maritain, Agnes Repplier, Maurice Baring.

☞An exceptionally interesting and charming gift for children is Theodore McClintock's *The Underwater Zoo* (Vanguard, $1.75) which describes an aquarium that was stocked with animal life scooped up from the muddy bottom of a park pond (The Fenway, in Boston). It began with some Mason jars and an old kitchen sieve, then graduated into a cut glass punchbowl, finally into a real tank. But anyone, city or country, can have an underwater zoo, as exciting as an expedition to Africa; though few could describe or illustrate it as pleasantly as Mr. McClintock. We meant to mention this book sooner, but one of our own offspring was enjoying it and we couldn't get hold of it. ☞Example of effective energy: the Hampshire Bookshop (Northampton, Mass.) obtained over 500 advance orders for Anne Lindbergh's *Listen! the Wind.* ☞Miss Dodd of the Hampshire says her three special favorites for this autumn are the Anne Lindbergh book, V. Woolf's *Three Guineas,* and Pearsall Smith's *Unforgotten Years.* The latter has been chosen as one of a forthcoming dual selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club. ☞Marion Dodd is writing in *Yankee* (Dublin, N. H.) a series of six articles on *The New England Book Lovers' Trail,* telling who, where, and what among the Spartans of the north. ☞*The Retail Bookseller* picks *Spella Ho,* by H. E. Bates, as October's dark horse. It's a novel of considerable power, somewhat in the Cronin vein; sombre old Q. gets many a good chuckle out of melodrama of that sort. Wonderful movie stuff; the two aristocratic lady twins who fall all over themselves for Bruno the Ape-Man will mop up in Hollywood. Mr. Bates's ideas of the British aristocracy are quaintly entertaining.

☞The worst lapsus grammaticæ we've seen lately is by Dorothy Sayers, in *The Dawson Pedigree,* chapter XX:—"Parker quartered the ground between the five of them." ☞Another is in Chapter XVIII of Daphne Du Maurier's *Rebecca:*—"She I could not fight." ☞Another in a letter from Elsie Stokes, queen of Nashville booksellers, to John Macrae, reprinted in P. W.—"I did not expect to be spellbound like I used to be at 14." ☞We don't believe women care much for grammar anyhow. ☞Two books Old Q. would certainly have said something handsome about if he had seen them: E. B. White's *The Fox of Peapack* and Westbrook Pegler's *Dissenting Opinions.* ☞We were amused to watch a man in Penn Station, who had just bought a Modern Age book for a train ride, looking it over in perplexity at its low price. "Are these books well written?" he inquired. ☞In our private thesaurus of solecisms we treasure some quotes from a forgotten novel of the Graustark era, *The Colonel of the Red Huzzars* by John Reed Scott (1906). Examples: "Your love-making at dinner tables didn't used to affect me."—"She has an object—but it is not I."

☞Los Angeles has long chafed at any suggestion that San Francisco has the Coast's leadership in fine printing. An exhibition of Printers of Los Angeles is now on show at the U.C.L.A., arranged by Lawrence Powell and including 75 items by distinguished typographers of that city.

☞We are pleased by the Anonymous Wife writing in the *Book Collector's Packet* who says "Husband away, Son gone to movie, Infant fast asleep—now to settle down with the *Saturday Review of Literature.*"

☞Schulte's, 82 Fourth Avenue, testify to the interest collectors of juvenilia now show in old G. A. Henty. They offer first editions of 20 Henty titles in good condition at prices from $2 to $3 each. ☞Another well-known bookseller blossoms into authorship, John G. Kidd of Cincinnati. The book is a large album of over 320 excellent photographs, *Cincinnati, the Queen City,* on sale at $2.50.

☞Our old friend L. B., even more sardonic than usual since smitten by hurricane in Rhode Island, wandered in with the text of his this year's Christmas card. ☞Leonardo's opinions, like his wit, are his own—not Old Q.'s. ☞Here they are:—

For God, for Country and for Yule

With incomepoops I love to pal
Upon the yacht Abnourmahal,
Yet always manage to secure
The votes of the more numerous poor.
And Christmas! How this country hums
When from Krum Elbow fall the crumbs.

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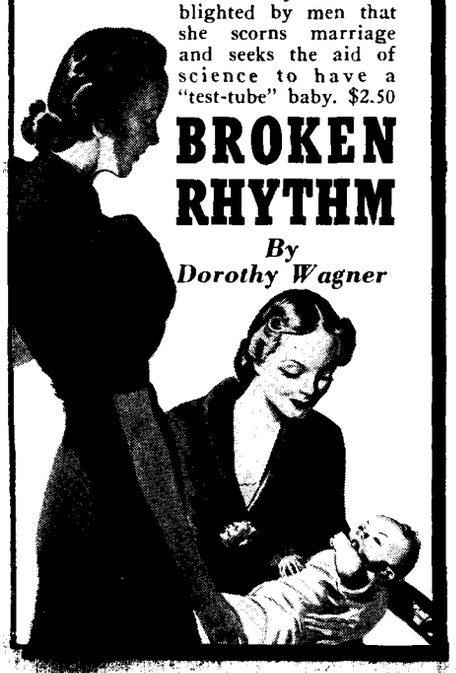

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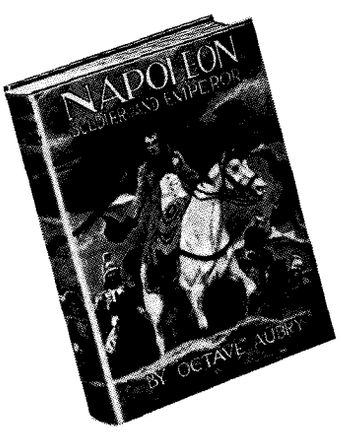

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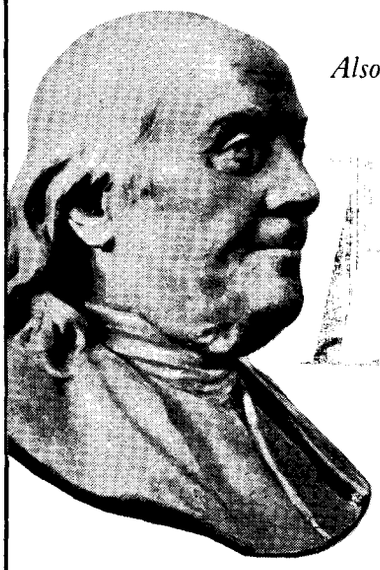

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